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THE RIOTS FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

The National

# POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

Henry W. Fox.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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DEAD IN HIS SWEETHEART'S ARMS.

HOW ONE SHOT IN THE GREAT CINCINNATI RIOTS BROKE OFF A WEDDING IN HIGH LIFE AND SENT A PRETTY GIRL INTO MOURNING.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, April 19, 1884.

AN EYE-OPENER!

With Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings,  
NO. 52, OUT APRIL 5.

THE ANNIVERSARY NUMBER,

A PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENT

Is Presented Representing RAPID LIFE IN NEW YORK. A Magnificent Picture. Size, 20x28 inches. Fit to Frame and Adorn any Wall.

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AND

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No. 52 Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings—great, grand, glorious, and don't you forget it.

KATE FIELD now wants to be cremated. Cremate away, Kitty, we have no objections.

THEY will probably have more law, as well as more order, in Cincinnati for awhile now.

GEN. BUTLER has had a word to say on the tariff, but the tariff will stand it, we guess.

THE Rev. Miln says he is tired of acting. So is the public, as far as the Rev. Miln is concerned.

ANOTHER steamship line with Europe has been established. It belongs to foreigners, of course.

CLARET-DRINKING is going out of fashion in London. It don't make you drunk quick enough.

THE great anniversary and supplement number of Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings is 52. Get it, and be happy.

IT is a pity the lawyers whose chicanery brought the trouble about were not among the dead of the Cincinnati riots.

CHICAGO is to have a stock theatre. The company to match the house ought to be recruited from the stock-yards.

A CALICO party on roller-skates is now the cheese in society. Idiocy is evidently on the increase in our uppersuckles.

THE New York cabmen say the cheap cab system is a failure. Its chief failing seems to be that it don't swindle the public.

AMBROSE GRUTTERBUM cut his throat here yesterday. If he had cut his name off first his obituary would have read better.

A WASHINGTON MARKET butcher treats all his customers on April 1 to fried sweetbreads as a free lunch. He does a terrific business once a year.

THE Western Union Telegraph Company has another rival. Another consolidation will be next in order. Get the old stock-watering pump bent again.

WALT WHITMAN is yawning about the white elephant. He says he will yank that prize, or Barnum will know the reason why.

THE seventh edition of Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings, No. 52, is now on the press. Send for a copy before the plates are worn out.

ANOTHER aquatic lunatic is going to cross the Atlantic in a dory. He is going to row, and his only companion will be a cat. We pity the cat.

A WALL STREET speculator has retired with his pockets full. He is the first Wall street operator on record who knew when he had enough.

THE Prince of Wales has been speaking before the Institute of Agriculture, at Sydenham, in favor of ensilage, and Mary Anderson is becoming jealous.

MRS. LANGTRY is practicing pedestrianism out West. She wants to be ready against the time when her manager skips with the funds and she has to walk home.

SOME idea of the opinion they have of Muldoon & Co. out in San Francisco may be formed from the fact that *Music and Drama* asks: "What will be the next gigantic swindle at the Pavilion?" Ask Muldoon, brother. He can tell if he will.

THE San Francisco papers, describing the gathering of the Kiralfy troupe in the California theatre on their arrival recently, say they looked like a gang of immigrants and tramps. They must have looked like what they were, then. A Kiralfy troupe which was not composed of tramps would be sufficient of a curiosity to be worth a place in the Eden Museum.

A SHEENEY curbstone broker, who married his boarding-mistress and swindled a fortune out of the street, has managed to get himself and his wife presented to the Queen of England. When her Majesty found out who he was she declined the honor of a further acquaintance, and now he wants us to go to war and avenge the insult. At least that is what he calls it. Another name for it over here is cold gall.

THE merchants of New York are one and all astonished to hear that there have been under-valuations in the Custom-house, and say they wonder who can have been guilty of them. They will probably know a little less about the matter still when they see the list of names. It is astonishing how ignorant a man can be when it pays him to be so, and how virtuous he is until he is found out.

IT looks as if it were going to be a cold summer for the law-breakers of New York. The police and the private societies seem to have got to work at last. A raid on the pool-sellers is the latest moral outbreak on the cards. It is a pity the reformers couldn't find some more serious evil to fall foul of. There are enough of them here without rendering it necessary to make the pool-sellers the scapegoats for worse offenders.

ONE of the Madison Square actresses has gone blind through the strain her part subjected her to. It is a wonder all the Madison Square artists, so called, don't go blind, crazy, or commit suicide, considering the drivel they have to go through with. They probably would if they had any brains to be affected. But nature has been kind to them in limiting their capacities in that direction to the amount of intelligence required to prompt them to go in when it rains.

THE pictorial portion of the POLICE GAZETTE this week illustrates the capabilities of a great newspaper on an occasion of emergency. If our pictures of the great riots are exceeded anywhere we will pay a reward for proof to that effect. With such artists as we can command the services of it is only a matter of course that we should be equal to any occasion, however. Let the next one come along, and we will treat it as well as we have the little picnic our Cincinnati friends have just been treating themselves to.

THE daily papers are doing a good deal of moralizing over the Cincinnati riots. But all the moralizing in the world won't wipe out the reality that the riots were caused by the fact that justice did not get a fair show in the Queen City. To save a lot of murderers, the authorities slaughtered double their number of good citizens. This is the truth, and you can't get over it with all the sophistry the most ingenious invention is capable of. Now, let Cincinnati string the murderers up, and the riot will not have been in vain.

MARK TWAIN's friends made a fool of him on April 1. The task was not a difficult one, however.

ONE of the Berner jury has already skipped from Cincinnati. Having saved the murderer's neck, he now wants to save his own.

THE Mexicans are afraid that Congress will want to annex them to the United States. It strikes us the uneasiness ought to be on the side of the United States.

CHARLES READE is reported to be dying, and some one else will soon have a chance to steal stories from the French, and blackguard the man who says they are not original.

ANOTHER American woman has married a foreign prince. She is worth her millions, of course, but she won't be worth them after she has been princess for a year or two.

FULTON COUNTY, this State, according to a contemporary, "has given birth to three calves—two heifers and a bull—of extraordinary size." Some one ought to buy Fulton county and go into the breeding business.

GEHBARD is on deck again. This time it is not as a masher, but as a liar and a coward—at least so James Boggs Livingston, Esq. (don't forget the Boggs whatever you do) says, and as James Boggs Livingston, Esq., belongs to the Union Club and keeps a prize bulldog, he couldn't tell a lie, of course.

THAT prize assemblage of champion imbeciles, the Pot Luck Club, made its annual fool of itself last week. All the literary duds and mush-brained *litterateurs*, so called, of our metropolitan mutual admiration Gilder-Century Society, gathered for a bad free lunch in the house of a female member and poured their rot out by the yard in the bad old style. The affair was extensively reported in the papers, of course. It always is, but no description has ever done it justice yet. Any account that did would read like a description of a shindy at Bloomingdale or Ward's Island.

HISTORY AND TRUTH.

The immense success of the series of revelations of the late war now running in the POLICE GAZETTE has exceeded even our sanguine anticipations. Read and quoted everywhere, these remarkable papers have created an impression as profound as any of the more pretentious and less reliable histories on whose worthlessness from a standpoint of fact they reflect.

"Contraband News" is exactly what it purports to be—a series of gleanings and scraps from the note-books of one of the most brilliant of the war correspondents the New York press sent out. The observations and facts it embodies are founded on actual experience, and they show how even in a republic the iron heel of a political despotism can trample upon truth, and justice can be overridden by martial law.

But truth, crushed to earth, will rise again and, though at a late day, make her voice widely and potentially heard. Such is the case with "Contraband News," and the great American public is listening.

READ THIS!

The bill that passed the Mississippi Legislature to prevent the sale of immoral and obscene literature in this State is undoubtedly a good bill, but if it was meant to suppress the POLICE GAZETTE and similar publications it is void on account of uncertainty. Just what immoral literature is must, under this law, be a question for the jury to decide, and the line cannot be drawn on the POLICE GAZETTE or any other paper, because a newspaper that refuses to give its readers an account of murders, rapes, arsons and other sensational crimes as they transpire, would not and ought not to receive the patronage of the public they were meant to inform,

and if it is unlawful for one paper to publish it, it is unlawful for another. To pass a law declaring that the *Police News* or POLICE GAZETTE should not be sold in Mississippi, would be clearly and undeniably in direct conflict with the Constitution of the United States. It is, perhaps, a bad paper and yields a bad influence, but the right way and the only way to banish its pernicious presence from the pales of the State is for a virtuous public to refuse its patronage.

The law that allows it here is but best a permissive law, and nobody is forced to read it or to subscribe to it unless they want to. The passage of the law is an advertisement for those papers it meant to suppress, and the notoriety is worth more to the publishers than the lawsuit that it will entail upon the State will cost them.—*Meriden (Miss.) Mercury.*

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit Culled from Many Sources.

A TIGHT place—a saloon.

How to make money fast: Nail a dollar to the counter.

The best chest protector: Fifty cents to the baggage-master.

ROSEBUD dinner parties are all the rage. The rosebuds make the din, not the dinner.

There is a chance for a new poem, beginning "What is that, Mother? 'Tis the sun, my child."

A LAD who started for Texas to become a cowboy returned in three weeks a perfectly cowed boy.

BATTER is the name of a tenor singer in a New York choir. He is occasionally put out by the first bass.

An exchange speaks of "Limburger by the top." We have frequently seen Limburger by the Teuton.

It is one of the inconsistencies of life that we throw bouquets at the soprano and bootjacks at the Tom-cat.

"MAN over-bored!" exclaimed the office boy as his boss vainly endeavored to relieve the argument of a book agent.

"Don't be afraid!" said a snob to a German laborer. "Sit down and make yourself my equal." "I would half to blow my brains out," was the reply of the Teuton.

"WHAT a shocking preacher our new minister is!" "Shocking preacher? Why, I thought him very eloquent." "Yes. So do I; *electrifies* his hearers, you know."

ABOUT this time the dude resurrects his old soft hat of three years ago, brushes off the cobwebs, knocks in the top, caves in the sides and calls it his "Fedora."

A BALTIMORE girl who called for a pair of ear muffs, was indignant when the clerk went and hauled down a couple of fur circulars, and told her they didn't have any half sizes.

"YOU can lead a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink," says the old saw. You couldn't make some men drink either if you took them to a hydrant.

"Yes," said an Ohio man, "I believe in compulsory education. Make the children go to school every day, Saturdays included. If they want to play, Sunday is time enough."

A DUDE, told by his mother to write a letter of condolence to a lady in affliction, said: "I am awfully sorry your Husband is dead and I hope the funeral will be a brilliant success!"

IT is very desirable to be a good reader. A clergyman is said to have once read the following passage from the Bible, with the emphasis thus: "And the old man said unto his sons, saddle me the ass; and they saddled him!"

"Do your people keep Lent?" asked the kind lady. "Oh, yes," responded the tramp, "and anything else they can get their hands on." We know that gag was original with St. Chrysostom, but it's the freshest one of the kind extant.

"JIMMY, where were you yesterday evening?" "Well, the first part of the evening I tied a pack of firecrackers to our dog's tail, and he ran under the smoke-house and set it afire, and then pa and me went off on a whaling expedition."

A CURE for spring fever which works excellently with a man is to have a young woman with her features concealed by a veil speak to him on the street. He'll forget all about being tired and follow her miles if necessary, to catch a glimpse of her face.

A LADY stepped into the sanctum this morning and said sweetly: "Will you be kind enough to let me look at the *Christian at Work*?" The horse editor blushed a little, but had the presence of mind to say: "Certainly, madame; what can I do for you?"

A LADY reader writes to say that she has been losing her hair recently and wants to know what she should do to prevent it. Either keep your bureau drawer locked or else discharge the hired girl and get another of a complexion differing from yours.

At the annual dinner of Sorosis in New York on Monday, Mrs. Croly, the president, in offering the toast "The Woman Martyrs," said that "the martyrdom of woman was an unspoken agony." Anything "unspoken" must be a great agony to a woman, that's a fact.

A NEW YORK type-setter has "set 2,940 ems in one hour." That is not much of a feat. A Pittsburgh type-setter, who is poor but honest, and has been engaged to a girl for eight years, has "set" with the same Em 2,040 hours, not including Sunday evenings and legal holidays.

OLD Mr. Topeasy fell overboard. He was fished out and sent home, and while tearfully recounting his misfortunes to his wife he said: "I swallowed about a gallon of water." "Then you know what it tastes like at last," returned Mrs. T. He wished he had been drowned.

A RHODE ISLAND man has married his stepmother's sister. Of course, as his wife is now his aunt he will be uncle to his own offspring should he have any, and his children will have to be his first cousins. Some of these days one of these odd marriages will mix a family up so that a man will become uncle to his own father-in-law.

AN *attache* of a western paper the other day heard a skilled vocalist sing "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By." She rendered it:

"Wah tah the claw raw baw, Jawy;  
Wah tah the claw raw baw;  
Jawy, ma aw traw law wah;  
Wah tah the claw raw baw."

We understand that the listener went and took an emetic as quick as he coul.

"IT is stated," said a Philadelphia girl, to a New York young lady, as they gazed with awe and admiration at the towering form of Jumbo, "that three times around an elephant's foot is exactly the measure of his height." "So I understand," "Do you think a similar measurement around my foot would equal my height?" asked the Philadelphia girl. "I certainly do; but the calculation would show that you are taller than Jumbo."

## STAGE WHISPERS.

## Merry Mutterings of the Stiffs and Guys of the Profesh.

Scandalizing One Another as Usual—  
The Few Good Grains in the  
Bushel of Chaff.

MAYO.—Frank Mayo's son, Edwin F., returns to the stage next week.

HOPKINS.—So poor old Dan Hopkins has been gathered in. Well, well!

DOWAGER.—There are no more "old women" on the stage nowadays. They are "dowagers."

OLDEST.—Coughlock is said to be the oldest actor on the American stage, and Lotta the oldest actress.

MEYER.—Mucus Meyer and Jimmy Palser are going to star with Irving next year. We congratulate all three.

MILN.—There is a fearsome rumor that the Mills of the gods are grinding slowly and exceedingly in regard to salary.

DORAK.—"Dorak talks of an American tour." Who is Dorak, anyhow, and where the deuce did he pick up his name?

BERNHARDT.—Sarah is working up her advertising for next year. She has got a tame Russian bear which she takes out walking.

JARBOE.—The case of the people *vs.* Jarboe is on the calendar. It is said that the Jarboe alluded to is father of the enchanting Wenonah.

MOULTON.—A very nice, agreeable and quick-witted little fellow is Gus Moulton, who is agent of Thatcher, Primrose &amp; West's Minstrels.

SENSIBLE.—Dick Wooley and the Hanlons have very wisely settled their difficulty in an amicable manner. All hands are to be congratulated.

ULMAR.—Geraldine Ulmar, the charming and clever soprano of the Boston Ideals, is going to leave the stage and marry a rich young stock-broker.

GAYLER.—Charley Gayler's new play, "The Seven Ravens," will be first produced at Niblo's Garden, and then transferred to the Boston theatre.

SACRIFICE.—"Her Sacrifice," at the New Park theatre, is another version of "The Shadow of a Crime," price 15 cents, French's acting addition.

TEMPLETON.—Fay Templeton has produced her new opera. It is entitled, "Cupid and Cupidity." Her new husband has not been heard from so far.

COOK.—The Rev. Joe Cook has apparently joined the "profession." The Philadelphia papers notice his lectures under the head of "Amusements."

ENQUIRER.—The Cincinnati Enquirer keeps on cribbing the POLICE GAZETTE Stage Whispers without a word of credit. Clever but frugal Enquirer

NADJEZDA.—It is said that Nadjezda is a dramatization of William Black's amazing Communist novel, "Sunrise." But we don't believe it all the same.

GILLETTE.—That extraordinary person, "Professor" Gillette, is to be once more inflicted upon the country in his astounding "comedy." It is tough, very tough.

CURTIS.—Another row in the Curtis camp. George Curtis, M. B.'s brother, who was treasurer of the party, has made a break for freedom, and resigned.

ABBOTT.—Emma Abbott recently appeared in Salt Lake City. The Mormons, after taking a good look at her, dropped all idea of trying to proselytize her. No wonder.

HAWK.—It is quite a shock to one's nervous system to learn that Minnie Hawk has joined a variety company as serio-comic balladist. Still, it is just about what she is fit for.

COLLIER.—Jim Collier is accused of a wild desire to return to the stage. He threatens to break out at the Union Square. Too bad. Jim is one of the best fellows in the world.

MAPLESON.—The "Kerunel" was fined \$50 in San Francisco for overcrowding the Grand Opera House. He says, with a grin, that he isn't often guilty of the offense. Not much.

HOYT.—The out-of-town correspondents are trying desperately to "boom" Charley Hoyt's "Rag Baby." The "Baby," however, seems to be a still-birth, theatrically considered.

PUPPY.—Mrs. Langtry's pet dog is having its portrait painted by a Chicago lady artist. The Chicago lady artist says, in the strictest confidence, that this particular dog is not named Freddie.

SUTHERLAND.—The long-haired Sutherland sisters will go with Cole's circus this summer. The long-eared Frederick Paulding will pursue his nefarious and mind-destroying career elsewhere.

BLAND.—Edith Bland is going to leave us. Edith is always leaving us and always coming back. Perhaps that is why we stand the shock every time with increased resignation and philosophy.

RUSSELL.—Lillian Russell, who seems to have quit eloping for a time, is said to be making money on the Continent of Europe. Little Teddie Solomon is, naturally, in ecstasies of wonder and delight.

CHIZZOLA.—Chizzola is to manage Ristori for Brooks &amp; Dickson. It is all Wall street to a chin-orange that the "farewell" trip of the great tragediane will be a hideous and maddening failure.

STETSON.—The theatrical Mascot has again had to wish for a change of luck. The failure of his management of the Arch Street Opera House in Philadelphia has resulted in his stepping down and out.

WILLIAMS.—Gus Williams has bought "Our Chubs," the play Joe Bradford wrote for Robson and Crane. There is no rumor so safe to deny as that which accuses either Robson or Crane of buying anything.

FERGUSON.—Will Ferguson has made up his quarrel with that shrewd chap, W. W. Kelly, and is once more playing in "The Friendly Tip." William gets into a snarl just about as easily as he gets it out of again.

RICE.—The managerial Mark Tapley has been brimming over with good humor during the week. He has had some of the worst business of his life during the present season, and is correspondingly happy.

DE GARMO.—Lillian De Garmo, a pretty woman, a bright actress and a virtuous lady, is dead. Death is sometimes more merciful than we suppose. It has probably saved Miss De Garmo from becoming a "star."

GUNN.—James Gunn, brother of Michael Gunn of the Gaiety theatre, Dublin, and the Savoy, London, has married the daughter of a Cork town-councillor. Michael Gunn married Bessie Ludlow. Hail ha ha!

OBER.—Miss Ober's sister is now advance agent of the Boston Ideals. The last advance agent of the Ideals was a bold, bad man, who fell in love with a pretty chorus girl. The sister is warranted not to do anything of the sort.

REYNOLDS.—Poor Victoria Reynolds, whom nobody wanted over here, and who is a handsome, well-educated and lady-like woman, has made a great hit in London. If she had a good manager she would pay well for "booming."

DICKSON.—Robson &amp; Crane have engaged a new leading man, between them, in C. S. Dickson. There are moments in Robson's brilliant career when it would be money in his pocket to hire a man to lead him on his own private account.

JAMES.—Louis James and his wife have evidently quarreled with Mr. Lawrence Brannigan Barrett, or are afraid of the reception awaiting him in London, on account of his silly boast that he intended to "mash" the Princess of Wales.

TRACY.—Helen Tracy scooped in about \$25, in gold, the other evening, in Chicago. An inebriated admirer of the mining persuasion threw the cash on the stage, and they do say that Helen gathered it in with as much eagerness as grace.

MAPLESON.—Robson &amp; Crane have engaged a new leading man, between them, in C. S. Dickson. The veteran Frank Glard was one of the party. Each of the performers received a new \$50 bill, and an excellent supper for his or her services. They all say that Mrs. Vanderbilt is a charming woman.

CLAIMS.—J. S. Alexander says that he is the only person entitled to play "Nobody's Claim," and threatens to sue everybody rash enough to tackle it.

JOSEPH J. DOWLING says exactly the same thing and makes precisely the same threat. It would be a good

scheme to change the title of the piece to "Everybody's Claim and Nobody's Property," wouldn't it?

KEANE.—James K. Keane is an actor playing in the "Jacqueline" company. In Cleveland, last week, a sanitary policeman was detailed by the Health Officer to attend his performance. Keane got up the "gag" that this was a compliment to his "wonderfully realistic death scene." It now turns out that the sanitary policeman's visit related, in an olfactory sense, to his socks.

PERUGINI.—The fearful fact seems to have outgrown all denial that the old ladies of New York are to lose their dear Perugini at the end of the present season. A centenarian of Milan has obtained the consent of her great-grandchildren to her union with "Our Johnnie," and so he leaves us to make at least one venerable Italian happy. Dear Perugini! How we shall miss him!

TALMAGE.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage delivered a lecture in Grand Rapids, Mich., last week. A large audience mistook him for a comedian in consequence of the rumor having been started that he was a rival of Sol Smith Russell. His performances were heartily enjoyed, and the local newspapers expressed the opinion that he would be a valuable accession to Barnum's circus.

SIMON.—It is so seldom that one can put in a good word for the "profess" that the POLICE GAZETTE never loses an opportunity to do so when it is in its power. A wire-walker, named Lebaire, was killed in Pence's Opera House, Minneapolis, by a fall, and all his funeral expenses were paid by the manager, one A. H. Simon. It is safe to bet that there are not many Simons in the show business.

ROSENBAUM-LEAVITT.—The theatrical profession is wild with excitement to learn what will be the result of an encounter between those two great theatrical luminaries, Rosenbaum and Mike-Rentz-Leavitt. It is safe to bet that after each has threatened the other's life he will rush down to the Tombs and ask for protection against his intended victim. "For of such is the kingdom of shows."

FORTESCUE.—George Fortescue is in town rehearsing for his new burlesque by Sydney Rosenfeld. It will be entitled—but no matter. "Did you ever see anything more loathsome?" said one *bat de l'opéra* masker to another; "than a man made up as a woman?" "Yes," was the reply, "I have seen two things more loathsome." "What were they?" "A couple of men made up as women."

NEVADA.—"The true inwardness" of Emma Wix-Nevada's conversion is coming out by degrees. Gounod, who is a religious fanatic, promised to write a new opera for her if she would renounce Protestantism. As she never was a Protestant, the thing was easy, and Emma will probably get her opera by this time next year, besides enjoying all the advantages of the immense advertising she has received.

BARRITT.—Larry Barrett sailed for Europe with his wife and daughter on the 19th of March. Louis James and Marie Wainright sailed on the 20th. Catch Lorenzo the Magnificent allowing such poor white trash as a member of his company to sail on the same person in 1779.

CLARK.—John Clark, otherwise Sig. Brocolini, is to marry Miss Holt, of the Grau Opera Company, in Cincinnati. Clark-Brocolini's first wife, a beautiful woman, is now the spouse of one Carlos Florentine, and she and Florentine are both members of the Salvation Army.

GOODWIN.—Little Frankie Goodwin, The Boy-Manager-With-The-Gray-Hair, says that he will manage the Harriott-Morris combination next season. He is quite a nice little lad, is Frankie, and will probably make enough money to buy himself a real nice new baseball bat.

REIFFARTH.—Jennie Reiffarth, one of the few, the very few, women who have a sense of humor and can express it on the stage, has joined John Stetson's forces. It is a pity that John changes his company so frequently, for the fair and frolicsome Jennie deserves a good show.

BARRITT.—Larry Barrett sailed for Europe with his wife and daughter on the 19th of March. Louis James and Marie Wainright sailed on the 20th. Catch Lorenzo the Magnificent allowing such poor white trash as a member of his company to sail on the same person in 1779.

THATCHER.—George Thatcher made himself rather conspicuous at the Hoffman House, recently, by threatening to clean out the *cave*. His admirable purpose, however, was thwarted by some injudicious friends. George, who is a pretty smart fellow, was "played for a sucker," as the phrase goes.

MANTELL.—The real reason for Bob Mantell's secession from the Fedora company has just come out. His wife travels with him, and has put her foot down on his playing such a "mash" part. She says she has to sit up all night reading his letters, and the strain on her nerves is slowly but surely killing her.

SCANDAL.—What a dull time the police magistrates would have if we were not for the scandals contributed by the profession! Every week at least three actors or actresses illuminate the tedious records of Jefferson Market, with outrageous accusations against each other. It is a queer world, the theatrical

COGHILL.—Rose Coghlan seems to have a good deal more sense than most people credit her with. She is going abroad and will not return to New York in years. Agnes Elliott will remain, however. There is no such thing as perfect happiness anywhere—otherwise Agnes would go, too.

WILDE.—The Madison Square theatre, which seems to be going, in a mild way, into the freak's business, has engaged Oscar Wilde and his bride as attractions for next season. Oscar now curls his hair, and wears a mustache and pantaloons. He is likely to prove more of a success as a "freak" than as an attraction.

FOOTE.—"Foote, the Tragedian," seems to have played his company a good deal better than he did Hamlet. They have conspired to offer a reward for his arrest, but he is a very light Foote indeed, and is already off and away like young Loebnvar. The lady who has made his Foote-steps her own, and gone with him, rejoices in the name of Blanche Revere, Mantiame Lilian Cleves, ex-Mrs. Foote, is in New York, and like the fond dove and fair dove of the ballad, "does mourn and mourn and mourn."

BROWN.—Col. Allston Brown, U. S. A., visited Menken's grave and found a wreath on it when he was in Paris recently. This is very important, and we hasten to offer Paris, the grave of Menken and "Col. Allston Brown, U. S. A.," our heartiest felicitations. The Colonel was a gallant soldier in—well, never mind what war.

MEXICO.—In Mexico the bandits are much addicted to murdering circus performers for the sake of robbing the corpses. The "haul" is sometimes quite considerable. There is no case on record, however, of a "Greaser" bandit going through a "society drama *teatre premier*," and making more than twenty-five cents by the operation.

POND.—Anson Pond, one of the best fellows in the world, wrote a play, entitled "Her Atonement," which, in spite of the abuse of the "critics," has done extremely well on the road. The company producing it, under the alleged management of Brooks &amp; Dickson, is about to disband. Ten to one there'll be an ugly scandal in consequence. Let's wait and see.

BARRY.—Helen Barry is said to be "trying hard to make a hit." That is why she has taken the Union Square theatre for a few weeks to produce Cazauran's "Fatal Letter." If she really wants to make a hit, with her advantages of figure and weight, why doesn't she sit down suddenly on an ordinary chair? The result would be positive.

PASTOR.—Tony Pastor's excellent Vaudeville company gave a private performance, the other evening, at William H. Vanderbilt's magnificent mansion. The veteran Frank Glard was one of the party. Each of the performers received a new \$50 bill, and an excellent supper for his or her services. They all say that Mrs. Vanderbilt is a charming woman.

CLAIMS.—J. S. Alexander says that he is the only person entitled to play "Nobody's Claim," and threatens to sue everybody rash enough to tackle it. Joseph J. Dowling says exactly the same thing and makes precisely the same threat. It would be a good

scheme to change the title of the piece to "Everybody's Claim and Nobody's Property," wouldn't it?

KEANE.—James K. Keane is an actor playing in the "Jacqueline" company. In Cleveland, last week, a sanitary policeman was detailed by the Health Officer to attend his performance. Keane got up the "gag" that this was a compliment to his "wonderfully realistic death scene."

It now turns out that the sanitary policeman's visit related, in an olfactory sense, to his socks.

PERUGINI.—The fearful fact seems to have outgrown all denial that the old ladies of New York are to lose their dear Perugini at the end of the present season. A centenarian of Milan has obtained the consent of her great-grandchildren to her union with "Our Johnnie," and so he leaves us to make at least one venerable Italian happy. Dear Perugini! How we shall miss him!

TALMAGE.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage delivered a lecture in Grand Rapids, Mich., last week. A large audience mistook him for a comedian in consequence of the rumor having been started that he was a rival of Sol Smith Russell. His performances were heartily enjoyed, and the local newspapers expressed the opinion that he would be a valuable accession to Barnum's circus.

SIMON.—It is so seldom that one can put in a good word for the "profess" that the POLICE GAZETTE never loses an opportunity to do so when it is in its power. A wire-walker, named Lebaire, was killed in Pence's Opera House, Minneapolis, by a fall, and all his funeral expenses were paid by the manager, one A. H. Simon. It is safe to bet that there are not many Simons in the show business.

BURNS.—Willis Adams and Michael Burns met at the entrance of an alley saloon in Dallas, Texas, Sunday noon, March 30. "Now I've got you," exclaimed Adams, drawing a revolver. "We'll settle it here," and thereupon fired several shots at Burns before he could draw his own revolver, killing him in his tracks.

Burns was a waiter in the St. James Hotel in Dallas, and Adams, also a resident of that place, had been employed as a drummer by Deery &amp; Day, of St. Louis.

Adams is a brother of Samuel J. Adams, a banker, of Dallas. For years he has been on intimate relations with Mme. Polly Parker, a notorious woman in Dallas, and the cause of the killing is traced directly to her. Burns has owned a house at 1,008 Commerce street, and occupied it with his family for three years past. Mme. Parker, about two years ago, built a large house next to Burns' house. It has been a notorious den. Burns has frequently had Mme. Parker arrested and fined, and has endeavored to have the authorities force her to move away, but failed in his purpose. Mrs. Burns, a very intelligent and most respectable lady, has been subjected to insults by occupants of and visitors to Mme. Parker's house. Her husband protested to Adams against this, threatening to have Mme. Parker indicted for keeping a disorderly house, but was dissuaded upon Adams' promise that order should be preserved and his (Burns') family be unmolested.

Adams inserted the following advertisement in a Dallas paper:

WANTED—A hack or express with four red lights to stand in front of a poor white trash house from 8 to 9 P. M. daily one month; guarantee against any trouble. Address A., Herald office.

At noon on the day of the tragedy Burns stepped out from the St. James Hotel, walked across the street and into the alley. In a few minutes four or five shots in quick succession were heard, and persons in the vicinity ran to the spot and found Burns, apparently dying, shot through the abdomen. Adams came out with two pistols and gave himself up to ex-Officer Pace, who went with him to the rear room of the Adams &amp; Leonard bank, where Sheriff Smith arrested him.

As soon as the cold-blooded crime became generally known, the streets were filled with all sorts of men who were anxious for summary revenge upon the murderer.

Hundreds were heard openly to declare in favor of going to the jail and lynching Adams, and also of tearing down Mme. Parker's house, and drumming her out of town. The news from Cincinnati inflamed the mobbish element, and on every hand remarks like this were heard:

"We need a little of Cincinnati here."

Sheriff Smith doubled his force, and rode about many

portions of the city warning men that they must not attempt to get Adams out of the jail, as it would be impossible, and would result in the loss of many lives.

Burns was a very small and delicate man, of inoffensive disposition, of good habits, and more intelligence than men of his employment generally possess. He was a favorite with those patronizing the dining-rooms where he worked. Citizens have taken up a collection for his wife, and a subscription has been started and several hundred dollars raised to employ an able lawyer to assist in prosecuting Adams.

## HE DID SETTLE IT.

The Drummer Lover of a Courtesan Kills a Waiter Who Persecuted Her.

Willis Adams and Michael Burns met at the entrance of an alley saloon in Dallas, Texas, Sunday noon, March 30. "Now I've got you," exclaimed Adams, drawing a revolver. "We'll settle it here," and thereupon fired several shots at Burns before he could draw his own revolver, killing him in his tracks.

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Adams is a brother of Samuel J

## Chas. W. Butler.

Two hundred dollars reward will be paid by Sheriff Frank P. Allwein, of Whitley county, Ind., for the arrest of Charles W. Butler, murderer, who broke jail at Columbia City, Indiana, March 15, 1884.

Charles Butler is twenty-six years old, but looks somewhat older; is about 5 feet 8 inches tall, muscular built; has light complexion; when he left had sandy mustache; has scar on the bridge of his nose, also scar about three-quarters of an inch long on the left temple, which he generally keeps covered with his hair; parts his hair nearly in middle; weight 155 pounds. He also has other scars on the back of his head; has small hands; also has scar on upper lip, covered



A PLUCKY POLICEMAN.

OFFICER JOHN STEBBINS, OF CADIZ, OHIO, WHO SHOT DOWN A NEGRO DESPERADO.

caped prisoner, Edward Carter, who is about twenty-six years old, 5 feet 10 inches in height, stout built, face and head smoothly shaven, light complexion, weight 165 pounds; has scar on back of head; nose long and droops down; when he escaped had on small brown checked coat and vest, lead-colored pants, with welt seam and large spring bottom; had broad-soled shoes on.

## Bridget Collins.

Bridget Collins, who is now in jail at Brooklyn, is one of the few females known as a professional burglar. She worked alone, and when captured for the robbery of a house in Nostrand avenue, had an excellent kit of burglars' tools. She is well known to the police of this city, and her picture ornaments the Rogues' Gallery. She has occasionally consorted with some of the most expert cracksmen, and patronizes fast resorts. She is neither young nor pretty, but is in the habit of dressing stylishly. It is said she is not altogether bad. She has picked up homeless boys and girls on the street, and provided them with food and clothing. Only a few weeks ago she paid the funeral expenses of an unfortunate woman, who was a stranger to her. If convicted of all the charges of grand larceny pending against her in Brooklyn, she could be sent to prison for twenty years.

## A New Way to Make Soup.

Hearing a great screaming in Kaufman &

clinched. They were near the vat of boiling soup, and Berzold suddenly lifted Schafer and threw him in.

## Battered to Death by a Maniac Woman.

Valerie McKinney, an inmate of the lunatic asylum in Toronto, Ont., murdered Rachel Stephens, another inmate, April 1. Miss McKinney has been melancholy for some time, and was placed in the refractory ward, and Miss Stephens was placed with her to prevent her from committing suicide. The attendants heard screams, and, bursting in the door, found Miss Stephens dead on the floor, with her head battered to pieces. A night bucket was the weapon used.



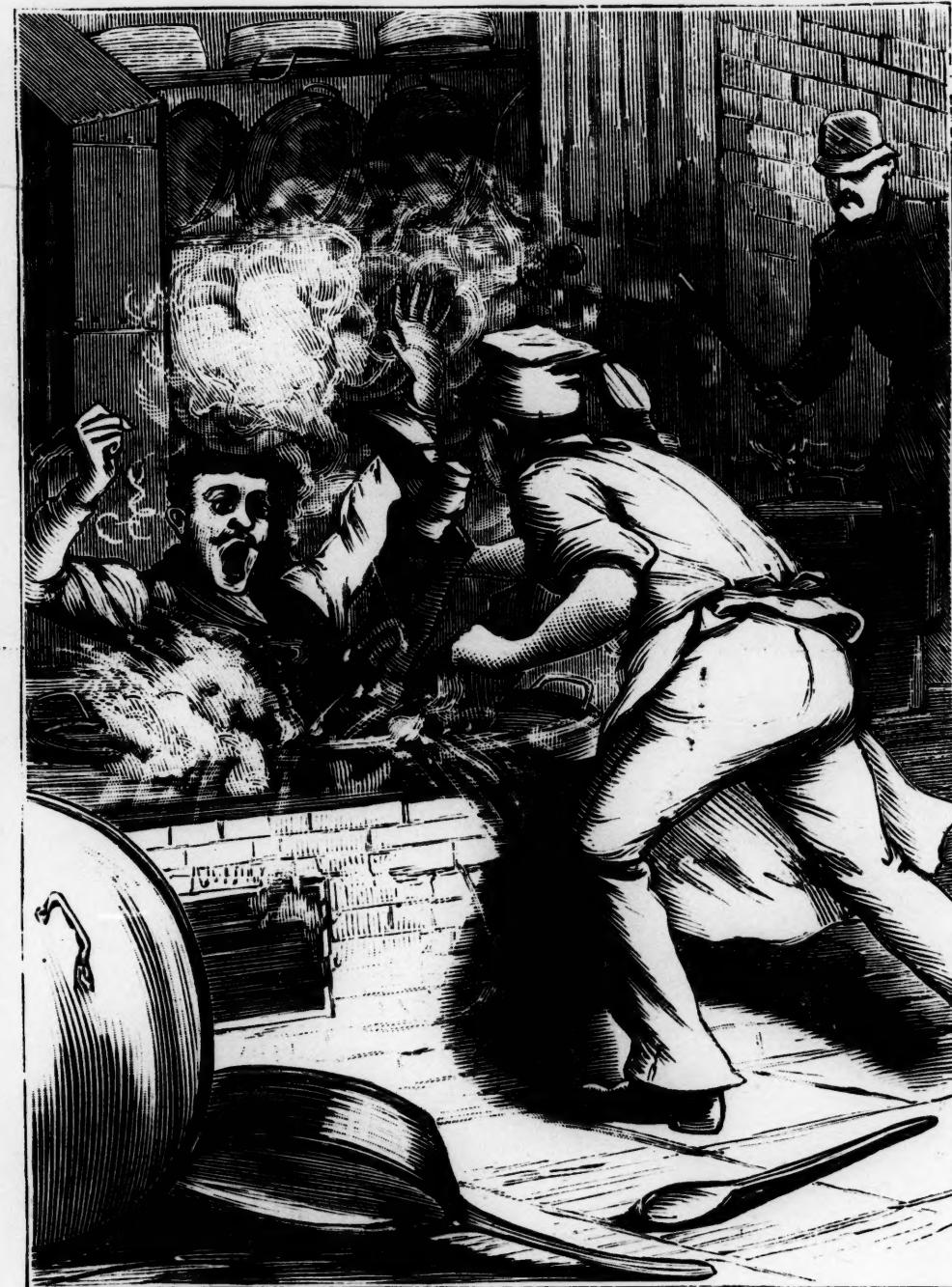
A JERSEY HERO.

ARCHIE PARKS, OF TRENTON, N. J., WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE SAVED SIXTY-TWO LIVES.



AT THE PERIL OF HIS LIFE.

HOW A GALLANT FIREMAN OF PORTLAND, ME., SAVED LIFE AND PROPERTY BY HEROICALLY REMOVING A KEG OF POWDER.



A NEW WAY TO MAKE SOUP.

THE SERIOUS RESULTS OF A LITTLE DISPUTE IN A THIRD AVENUE RESTAURANT, AS TO THE PROPER COOKING OF A FAVORITE DISH.



DENNIS RILEY,

A. D. F. OF BROOKLYN, WHO SHOT A YOUNG LADY WITH A PISTOL THAT HE DIDN'T KNOW WAS LOADED.

by mustache; the pupil of the right eye is slightly larger than of the left; he steps quickly and actively; wears hat well pulled down in front. Was supposed to have on blue suit of clothes when he escaped, but may have had on woman's clothes. He has no trade or occupation; is of intemperate habits, and when drinking gets much excited and acts strangely; most probably has plenty of money. Butler was confined in jail at Columbia City, Indiana, upon a charge of murdering his wife. He escaped about 8 o'clock P. M., March 15, 1884. He may be in company with another es-



BRIDGET COLLINS,

THE FEMALE BURGLAR OF BROOKLYN, LATELY ARRESTED AFTER A LONG CAREER OF CRIME AS A THIEF AND HOUSEBREAKER.

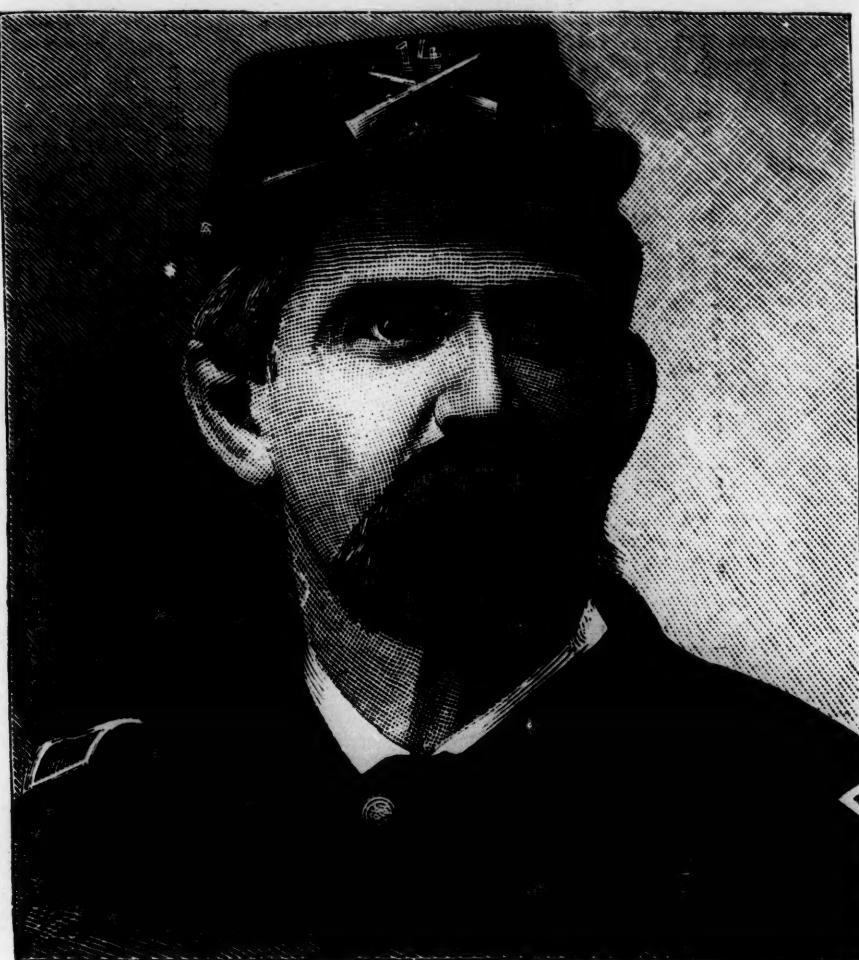
Weisler's restaurant, 548 Third avenue, Roundsman Hatton ran into the kitchen and found Robert Schafer, a waiter, splashing in a vat of boiling soup. George Berzold, a cook, was also in the kitchen, but made no effort to help Schafer. The roundsman pulled Schafer out. Schafer's shoulders, head, and one of his legs were scalded. He said Berzold had pitched him into the vat, and the roundsman arrested Berzold.

According to Schafer's story, he had a dispute with Berzold as to the proper quantity of pepper that was necessary for the soup. They quarreled and



CHARLES W. BUTLER,

AN ESCAPED MURDERER FROM THE COLUMBIA CITY, IND., JAIL, FOR WHOM A REWARD OF \$200 IS OFFERED.



COL. FREEMAN,

OF THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, OHIO NATIONAL GUARD, WHO DID GOOD SERVICE IN THE CINCINNATI RIOTS.

#### Kidnapped, Drugged, Gagged and Blindfolded.

A few nights ago Bertha, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the Rev. Anson Q. Chester, of Syracuse, N. Y., was sent from her home in Chestnut street down town on an errand. Several hours passed, and, as she did not return, an alarm was sent to the police station. At about half-past eleven P. M. she reached home in an agitated condition, and said that on her way back, and while yet in a public street, she was spoken to by a woman in a closed carriage, who asked if she was not Mr. Chester's daughter, and who said that she was going to Mr. Chester's house on business, and gave her an invitation to ride, which she accepted. After taking her seat in the carriage she was seized by the woman, who applied a chloroformed handkerchief to her mouth, whereby she was stupefied, and when she became conscious, she was lying on a couch in a sumptuously furnished parlor. Her jewelry had been removed, and no one was present except the strange woman.

Miss Chester says that she began to cry for help, and that the woman then called out to a man in another room, saying that they would have to do something with her. Her pin and ring were returned, and she was blindfolded, gagged, carried into the air, led through several streets, and abandoned, her captors warning her to go immediately home, and not say a word about what had been done under pain of being shot. She removed the bandages from her mouth and eyes and found herself a few blocks from her home.

The case has been reported to the police, who are at work on it. Miss Chester is a very beautiful girl, and she declares that when she regained consciousness in the strange house, the woman said to her: "You are such a pretty girl; I've had my eyes on you for a long time."

#### A Fraud Exposed.

An itinerant calling himself A. F. Ackerly, and registering from New York, appeared in Moberly, Mo., on March 29, and arranged with some of the Spiritualistic citizens to give a seance at a fashionable residence, Sunday evening, at an admission fee of \$1. At the time and place appointed a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen assembled, and Mr. Ackerly, with all his paraphernalia of cabinet, musical instruments, etc., was promptly on hand and ready to go ahead with his ghostly entertainment. Placing himself in front of his cabinet, between a gentleman and lady, who occupied chairs on either side, the performance was apparently ready to begin, and would doubtless have gone on to a successful conclu-

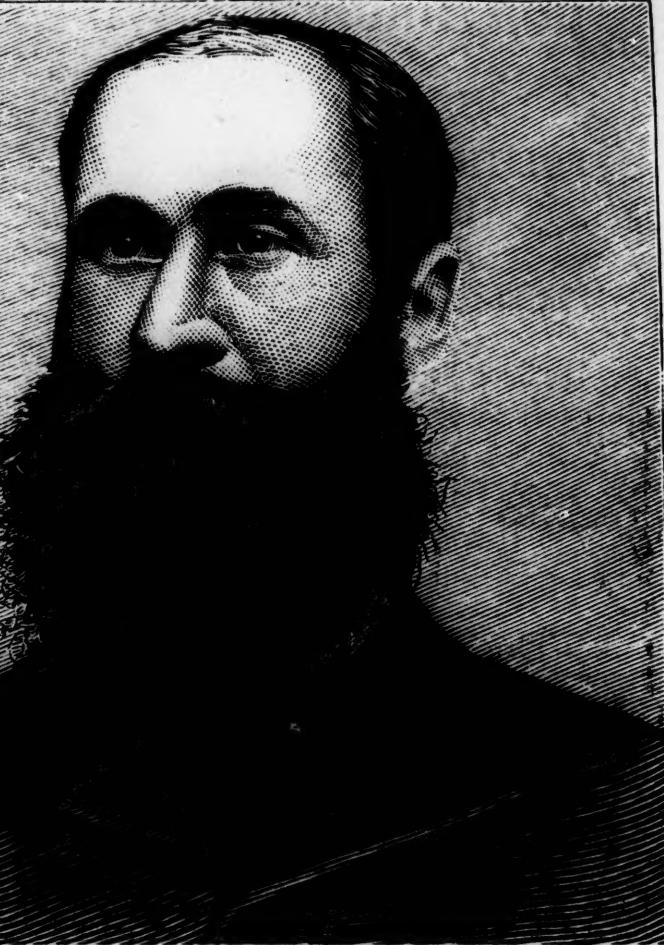
sion had it not been for a most untimely and disastrous mishap, which came about in this wise: Among the audience was an athletic and naturally suspicious young man named Mike Willott, who, unobserved by the medium, slipped around and entered the cabinet for the purpose of taking observations. A dim light was burning in the room, and when the medium, having hold of the crossed hands of those sitting beside him, making it appear to them that both his hands were engaged, slyly released one of them and slipped it through the curtain for the purpose of playing a banjo lying on a small table inside the cabinet. Mr. Willott, who was keenly on the alert, seized the wrist with a vise-like grip in one hand, and with the other following up the lead, found to his indignation that the hand, instead of belonging to a spirit of health or goblin damned, was a veritable attachment to Mr. Ackerly himself. At this revelation, Mr. Willott, in his indignation at the discovery of such a palpable fraud, jerked the medium

from his chair and commenced pounding him most unmercifully with his fists, damaging him severely both in health and good looks. Ladies screamed and fainted, whilst men were aghast at such an untoward and sudden outcome of the seance. The company seized on his apparatus for the manufacture of ghosts and refused to return it. Mr. Ackerly was arrested the next day on a warrant charging him with fraud and deception. He was immediately arraigned and bound over to await the action of the Grand Jury which meets there in September.

#### Good Old Grandpa.

Society circles at Long Branch, N. J., are much exercised over a love romance. Miss Lillian Ludlow is an attractive little lady of eighteen, and is considered one of the reigning belles. Her mother, the Widow Ludlow, carries on a large business at Red Bank, and is the owner of a large estate in Shrewsbury township. Mr. Joseph Reilly, a law student in the office of State Senator John S. Applegate, and Miss Lillian became engaged a month ago. A few evenings ago Mrs. Ludlow was informed as to the state of affairs. She became greatly enraged and said she would turn the girl out of doors should she not break the engagement. When, later in the evening, young Reilly called, he was ordered from the house.

Miss Lillian, in the meantime, wept and pleaded with her



M. L. HAWKINS,

SHERIFF OF HAMILTON CO., OHIO, THE OFFICIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF LAW AND ORDER IN CINCINNATI.

mother, but in vain, and finally the mother in her anger ordered the young girl to leave the house, notwithstanding that it was night. Joining her lover, the young couple visited the home of Miss Lillian's paternal grandfather, whose sympathies were enlisted by the lovers' story. Since then Miss Lillian has been under the protection of her grandfather.

Mrs. Ludlow has shown no sign of relenting. She refuses to surrender the clothes and effects of Miss Lillian, and Mr. Reilly has begun proceedings to compel her to do so.

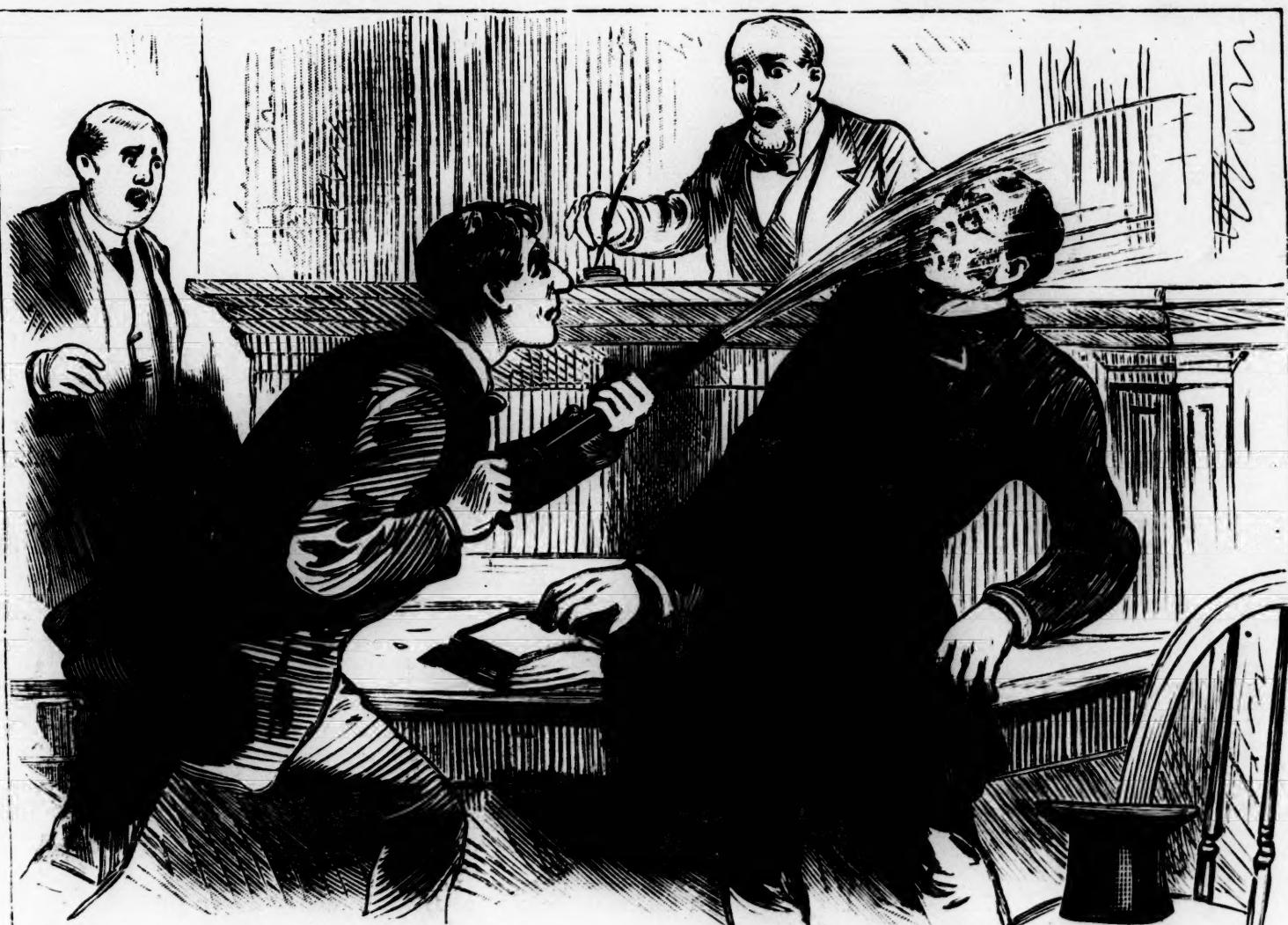
Miss Lillian says she is determined to remain true to her plighted troth, and Mr. Reilly says that he will get married first and get his diploma next fall. The marriage bands will be "read" in church after Lent, and a wedding will speedily follow.

#### A Lawyer's Dirty Argument.

A scene occurred in Squire Miller's Court, at Strong City, Kan., on Saturday, March 20, not calculated to give a very exalted opinion of the dignity of the law. During an argument before the court, a young sprig of the law named A. J. Smith, made a dastardly attack upon F. P. Cochran, an older member of the bar. The younger member of the legal profession had been considerably annoyed by his elder's sharp conduct in a certain case, and while Cochran was examining law book to find a statute in support of an objection made by him to some proceeding on the part of Smith, the latter drew from the inside pocket of his overcoat a large "horse syringe," charged with stable drainings and writing-ink, and fired the contents on Mr. Cochran, a portion of the vile stuff spattering the Court liberally. Smith was immediately fined \$20, the severest penalty for contempt authorized by law!

#### It Went Abegging.

A large number of miners gathered at the main drift of the Pocahontas, Va., mine, in which so many lives were recently sacrificed, to consider what steps to take toward recovering the bodies. There were also present young girls, principally daughters and sweethearts of the victims, continually circulating among the men, and by taunts and pleadings trying to induce them to enter the mine. About sun-down a hardy lass, tall and of a magnificent physique, sprang upon a stump and exclaimed: "I have a father in that mine, boys. He is dead and I know it, but I loved him and I want to bury his body decently. I will marry any man in the crowd who will lead a party into the mine." This singular appeal met with no response.



VERY FOUL PLAY.

THE IRREGULAR ANSWER LAWYER SMITH, OF STRONG CITY, KANSAS, MADE TO THE UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENTS OF COUNSELOR J. P. COCHRAN.

## CONTRABAND NEWS

NO. XI.

POLITICAL DEPARTMENTS  
IN THE FIELD.

## FORTRESS MONROE UNDER BUTLER.

The Snug Berths Given Favorite Officers  
--The Appearance of Longstreet before  
Suffolk Disarranges Some Comfortable Plans--How the Enemy, Ten Thousand Strong, Besieged Forty Thousand Union Soldiers.

The theory of a plot on the part of the Democrats to reinstate McClellan for some deep purposes of disloyalty, not patent to the ordinary mind, worked so well in blinding the public in regard to the real situation and the true political aims of the party in power, that it was used elsewhere than in the Army of the Potomac with similar success. Artful stories were started and kept going in regard to the supposed machinations of Democratic Generals, and several examples were made in the West, doubtless by the methods attempted on the writer by the loyal howlers of Hooker's headquarters. The truth was, there was no such thing in the army as a political plot. A great majority of the officers and men at the front were avowed Democrats, it is true, but they had no chance in wire-pulling had they attempted it against the truly loyal Republican officers who were skulking in the rear, guarding quarter-master's depots, or assigned to easy duty in Washington, where they might juggle the political jokers in security, to their own profit and the bewilderment of the public that had to pay for this loyal by-play and side-show business. The alarming rumors of Democratic plots were therefore kept up only to give an excuse for maintaining a department of spies within our own lines and to preserve the grip of martial law on the throats of the people.

To excuse any iniquity in those days it was only necessary to howl "Copperhead!" and it was sought to make this term of opprobrium synonymous with Democrats.

The injustice done to McClellan was only personal to him and might readily have been forgotten, for, all the reports of the spies to the contrary notwithstanding, there was never any political movement in the army in his behalf. He was not a political plotter—he lacked the sly cunning of the seeker after the loaves and fishes, and his friends were outspoken and earnest, but not at all sly or even wise. It suited the purposes of the Republican knaves, however, to belie the army and to give color to the slander that it was a nest of plotting traitors. The success with which the villains carried out this scheme, and the promptness with which they quelled all debate by setting up the cry of disloyalty that was sure to ruin the cavilers, brought on a sort of reign of terror in the army and elsewhere. Even the New York press was held under the same pressure. The *Herald*, *World* and other papers, that would have been independent and outspoken under most circumstances, were made to feel the unwonted grip of martial law on their throats, and trimmed their sails to sail before the loyal breeze, lest seeking another course the evil spirit of the hour might conjure up a tornado to wreck them.

Under these circumstances it was useless to attempt to give prominence to truth or to attempt to right things on the basis of equity. When the foregoing narrative of the true state of affairs in the army of the Potomac prior to and during the battle of Fredericksburg was laid before James Gordon Bennett he remarked that it was real news, but the time to publish it was twenty years after the close of the rebellion, when it might be safe to unmask the loyal pretenders, and show them in their true characters. The writer has taken this advice. He has bided the full time and over prescribed by the shrewd journalist, who found it politic for his own part to keep quiet when he found that the truly loyal side had got such headway after the war as to sweep everything before it. It was his journalistic policy to detect the largest political party and follow it early while pretending to originate and lead the movement. It was easier to follow the bogus war party after the rebellion than to stem the tide with whatever honest forces were at command. It needed the Star Route and other iniquities of the loyal howlers during twenty years of reaping what they had sown, to bring a pause in the popular movement, and to put the people in the humor to listen to the true story of the war and the creatures who profited by it.

Regarded calmly from our present standpoint, and taking into account what we have learned of loud-spoken patriots since, it seems ridiculous that the pretenses of dire Democratic plots in the army could have been seriously entertained and could have had such an effect on the future of the nation, and in the perpetuation for so long of the power of insincere knaves and demagogues.

Who can wonder at the robbery of Tilden and the election of Hayes, since it was the natural corollary of such a proposition of patriotic management of truly loyal affairs during the rebellion?

The writer next found himself, in April, 1863, in Suffolk, Va., a fortified town near the head of the Nansemond river, and approached by railroad from Norfolk. Butler commanded the department at Fortress Monroe, and had an easy, not to say gay, time of it at this watering-place post. Norfolk was in charge of a post-commander, Brigadier-General Negles, who acted really as a chief of police. The Union outposts were at Suffolk, an hour's ride by rail from the seaport.

While Hooker had been reveling and entertaining in the winter camp on the Rappahannock, and his friends had been pulling their truly loyal political wires, the enemy had been conceiving some military ideas. Lee, holding Hooker in contempt, had risked detaching Longstreet's corps from his command, and had flung it at Suffolk. Had Longstreet

possessed the necessary energy, or one-third the dash and daring of Stonewall Jackson, he would have swooped down upon the post and carried it by the first effort. As it was, he surrounded and isolated and began a siege. This gave time for the hurrying forward of reinforcements of Union troops from North Carolina, and with these the lines of the Johnnies were broken. Longstreet drew in his lines across the Nansemond to a line of breastworks built some distance back and masked by woods. Forty thousand troops were thrown into Suffolk under the command of a Major-General Peck, who made his headquarters in the best house in town, and sat himself down to luxuriant inaction. The besieging enemy could have had at no time more than ten thousand men at command on this scene, but the ten thousand held the forty thousand in perfect check.

Peck seemed a sort of an old-woman soldier—a mild-mannered chap who was never cut out for scenes of slaughter and turmoil. He had been given what seemed an easy billet—a post where he could assume all the pomp and dignities of a modern major-general and theoretical hero, without suffering any of the inconveniences of campaigning. The appearance of Longstreet before the little town quite shocked the favorite and overturned all the plans of a quiet life.

When he found forty thousand men under his command he seemed to be in doubt what to do with them;

so he let them lie idle as long as the enemy would behave himself and keep quiet. There was no disposition to force the arrogant foe out of his intrenchments or to break through his thin line. Here were followed the plans and policies of the Army of the Potomac, on a small scale. And what wonder, since the same plotters were managing things here too.

The spring-time passed without Peck making a definite sign toward dislodging the enemy. The only signs of warfare were heard every evening after supper, when for half an hour Berdan's sharpshooters, a special corps of picked shots, occupied the rifle-pits along our front and popped away merrily at every head they could see through the dusk, on the enemy's side of the field. The Johnnies, for their part, were content to reply languidly, and ceased their firing, with chivalrous politeness, the moment the Federals manifested signs of wearying of the sport.

The narrow Nansemond remained open, and light-draught transports came up from Hampton Roads with forage and supplies, thus relieving the wretched railroad from a good share of the work. One day in April, however, the enemy awakened up and threw aside its wonted politeness. A lunette earthwork was thrown up at a bend of the river two miles below Suffolk and two field-pieces were put in position there. There was only one transport at Suffolk at this time—a side-wheel tug-boat, named the *Smith Briggs*, which had come up laden with hay and hospital stores including plenty of whisky for the officer's mess. When this steamer undertook to go down the river, she was brought to a halt by the battery that had been established in a night, and her captain steamed back in great terror. His vessel remained for a month tied to the bank of the river, near the rude bridge leading across the stream from the main street of the town. A howitzer was put on the boat for her protection, and her open decks and machinery were masked by bales of hay. Several attempts were made to run the gauntlet with the boat thus accoutered, but they were all in vain. She was fairly trapped and bottled up.

Our forty thousand men, however, made no decided effort to break the blockade, but were held timidly within their lines, making no sign beyond the boundaries of their camps, except an occasional cavalry foray in light force on the southern face of our position, where the enemy was least strong and arrogant.

Among the troopers of Col. Onderdonk's regiment of New York Mounted Rifles, a volunteer cavalry force which rivaled Spear's Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry in gallantry at this point, was a well-known character—one E. Z. C. Judson, better known as Ned Buntline. This person emulated some of the heroes of his impossible romances. He was always up to some wild prank or some dare devil enterprise "on his own hook," and for several of these irregular operations had been commended in general orders. Twice he had been promoted for this gallantry, and each time reduced to the ranks again for some escapade which proved a flagrant violation of military law. It was his failures that counterbalanced his successes and kept him under the cloud of fate. When he succeeded in one of his wild ventures, the glory extinguished the violation of discipline and brought him honor; but, when he failed, it was only the violation of martial law that appeared and brought him punishment.

One night, after this blockade of the Nansemond had lasted for six weeks, Ned Buntline and three of his comrades, equally reckless fellows of his regiment, left camp without permission, and ran the picket-lines into the enemy's country. They made their way down the stream without obstruction, picking their way through the dark on the left bank of the river, and reached the vicinity of the troublesome battery at about 2 o'clock in the morning. The night was foggy with a misty rain. The three daring troopers, led by Buntline, charged the battery with a great outcry, and, surprising the garrison of ten men, disarmed and took them prisoners. With three of these they escaped to our lines, after spiking the two guns. They arrived at Suffolk at daylight, and were summarily consigned to the guard-house with their prisoners, but were released and commended when the whole story of their exploit became known. The General, who had forty thousand inactive troops at his command, winced a little at this evidence of what might be done in the martial way by private enterprise. Four reckless men had achieved what an army commander had shrank from attempting.

It was not until Lee gave the signal to Longstreet that there was any military movement whatever. Peck would have been perfectly content, I have no doubt, to have remained snug, cozy, and inactive in his comfortable headquarters for a year or more with his body-guard of forty thousand soldiers. But Hooker had begun his wilderness campaign across the Rappahannock, and Longstreet had begun to withdraw his forces from our front that they might re-enforce the rebel forces opposing the ill-used army of the Potomac. Peck was urged to make a demonstration to keep Longstreet occupied and prevent his retirement. On the 6th of May, 1863, therefore, he sent five thousand men across the South Quay road to feel the enemy's position, which was a heavily fortified one masked by thick woods, and the approaches to which were a tangle of *chevaux de frise*. After a feeble movement which resulted in the death of Col. Ringgold of New York, and several other gallant officers, the troops retired bringing no information with them, and all settled down in camp in the old state of inaction. A week after Hooker telegraphed that Longstreet was

in his front on the Rappahannock miles away from Suffolk, and Peck, ordering a cavalry movement, found that the intrenchments in his front were abandoned. The troopers captured two hundred wretched, half-starved, and footsore stragglers of the rebel rear-guard, and that was all. The merest tyro in military art or common sense would be tempted to criticize such campaigning as this, but no one dared. All the reports to the papers were doctored to suit the political exigencies of the time. In fact, the reporters' work was lying pure and simple as far as the siege of Suffolk was concerned. No hint of the disgraceful state of affairs or the stupidity of the management, was ever advanced. Well, Longstreet got clear away, doubtless laughing in his sleeve at the antiquated warrior whom he found it so easy to outwit, and Peck settled himself down to enjoy a comfortable life in garrison without fear of the annoyance of midnight alarms and unexpected attacks from a rude and inconsiderate enemy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MURDER AFTER THE FUNERAL.

A murder after a funeral in Bloomfield, Ohio, March 29, excited that community to a higher pitch than was ever known there before. The facts as near as can be ascertained are that James Difford and Newton Gillmore, brothers-in-law, the former having married Gillmore's sister, have been for a long time on unfriendly terms. Their many quarrels resulted in Gillmore's being denied his brother-in-law's house. On Wednesday, March 28, Mrs. Difford died, and the funeral, the following Saturday, was attended by the whole community. Gillmore was there, apparently a bereaved mourner over his sister's grave, but before he left the cemetery he commenced to quarrel with his heart-broken brother-in-law, and followed him to his deserted house near by. He became very abusive in his language, adding insult to injury.

Gillmore ransacked the house and appropriated to himself articles belonging to his dead sister. This was more than the husband could stand, and begged him to desist and leave the things sacred. Gillmore then became violent, and when Difford ordered him to leave whipped out a revolver, and, with a curse, fired three shots in rapid succession. One struck in Difford's temple, taking a downward course and lodging in the case of the brain. The wounded man pitched forward to the floor and lived but a short time. A neighbor, Smith Pinney, grappled Gillmore before he could shoot the fourth time and wrenched the pistol from his grasp. Gillmore walked to the house of Squire Crane and gave himself up. Later he was taken to Warren for safe-keeping by two constables. The community, which had read of the Cincinnati riot, talked of taking the cold-blooded murderer from the officers and hanging him. There is intense feeling, as Difford was popular and a good citizen.

## POKER AND PISTOLS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

During a game of poker between James Royer and Howard Williams on the one side and William Davis and Charles Mills on the other, in a saloon in Cole's Creek, Pa., March 30, the stakes grew large with every game, and at last the betting ran up to \$500 a side. The four men had been drinking heavily, and were evidently not in the best of temper. At length Royer detected Davis in the act of cheating, but the detection only brought on a wordy quarrel. When the game ended Davis and Mills reached for the stakes, but the other party also grabbed for them. A fight ensued, in which all four drew revolvers, and the room was quickly cleared of the few spectators that had gathered to see the game. Williams fired at Davis, the ball striking him in the right breast. A general firing ensued and lasted until all four had emptied their pistols.

After a few moments of comparative quiet the anxious crowd outside pushed their way through into the room and found the four lying on the floor, all apparently lifeless. Davis and Williams were found to be fatally wounded, and they died shortly after the combat. The other two were also fatally wounded. The wildest excitement prevailed over the shooting, as all the parties were highly respected and in good circumstances.

## JEALOUS AND BLOOD-THIRSTY NAT CARLIN.

Nat Carlin, a veterinary surgeon, living in Kirkwood, Mo., called at the residence of his wife, No. 2,735 Gratiot street, St. Louis, Thursday night, March 27, and, presenting the muzzle of a pistol to her head, pulled the trigger. The weapon failed to explode, and before he could again cock it Joseph Peat, his wife's brother, entered the room and struck the husband a terrific blow on the head. The man fell backward into a small hallway, where, cocking his pistol, he presented it at his brother-in-law's breast and again pulled the trigger. This time he was more successful, and Peat fell to the floor with a bullet through the left lung. The wife had by this time made her escape, and, the report of the pistol attracting the attention of the police, officers were soon on the scene and Carlin was put under arrest.

Mrs. Carlin produced a letter which she had received from her husband, in which he informed her that he was coming into the city for the special purpose of killing her and her paramour, and that it was useless for her to try and escape him, for he would kill her and then himself. The couple parted last November, and since that time Mrs. Carlin is alleged to have given him cause for jealousy. She filed a petition for divorce recently, and this action on her part was the cause of Carlin's murderous visit.

Peat was reported very low, and internal hemorrhage rendered his recovery doubtful.

## FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 52, out Saturday, April 5, contains: The Cincinnati Riots; how an unhang murderer created a popular uprising; two splendid pages of pictures from the exciting scene. The Isle of Blackwell; a celebrated metropolitan watering-place where the city pays the bills; superbly illustrated. Pistoled For What? the mysterious shooting of Mrs. Laura M. Thorp; a gay woman's strange career; splendidly illustrated. Ballet Secrets. On Der Shquare. The Prowler. The Prompter. The Referee. The Billboard. Etc., etc.

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## CAUGHT HIM AT LAST.

Louis Karcher Kills His Wife's Paramour in Her Presence.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

About 12 o'clock Thursday night, March 27, an elderly man ran out of a two story brick house near the navy yard, in Washington, D. C., crying "Murder!" At the same time another man was running to the police station near by shouting for help. Half-dressed people rushed into the street, while policemen went swiftly to the scene. They found the elderly man and demanded of him what was the matter. He said he had just killed a man.

"Come with me," he exclaimed, "and I will show him to you."

He then led the way into the house and up stairs, where a man partially undressed was stretched on the floor in a pool of blood.

"There he is," he exclaimed. "I shot him three times. I'm no fool. I got my revenge. This has been going on a long time, and I have caught him at last."

Soon the whole story came out, and a very simple one it was of uncongenial wedlock, lawless love, dissipation and revenge. The old man's name is Karcher, and he has been for many years employed in the coast survey as a draughtsman. He has borne a good character. For his second wife he married, five years ago, a young and buxom cook in Hade's Hotel, on Pennsylvania avenue. He was then fifty-three and she was thirty. He was steady, and she was inclined to be gay and wild. The match was an uneven one, and soon led to trouble. Of late the bad feeling between the couple had grown serious. They occupied separate rooms, and had little in common. The young wife drank, and made acquaintances that her husband and people generally suspected were improper.

Mr. Karcher went to bed about 7 o'clock Thursday night, but was aroused toward midnight by sounds of people moving and talking in his wife's room adjoining. He suspected the cause and going to the door demanded admission. The door was locked and his wife refused to let him in. Looking through the keyhole he saw Mrs. Karcher and a man he recognized as John W. Grimes. Again he demanded admission, and this time the guilty wife, having hidden her lover in a closet and locked the door, opened the hall door to her husband.

"Where's he is?" Karcher exclaimed, and, upon the wife protesting her ignorance, he went to the closet and tried to open it.

"Where's the key?" he asked, as the door held fast.

"I've lost it," replied the wife.

"Very well. I've got a key that will open it," exclaimed the husband, and going out of the chamber, he obtained a hatchet. Returning, he found the hall door again barred, and his wife refused to open it. He battered it to pieces with furious strokes of the hatchet. Unheeding her cries, he then crossed the room to the closet, to hew down its door and get at Grimes. But Mrs. Karcher had meanwhile unlocked the closet in order to allow her paramour to escape, and he, finding his pursuer upon him, brandishing a hatchet in one hand and a pistol in the other, flung open the door and made a dash for life. But Karcher was too quick for him, and sent three bullets into his body. The first hit Grimes in the mouth, passed through his teeth and both cheeks, and fell on the floor. The second struck his left collar-bone and lodged in the muscular tissue beneath. The third wound was in the lungs, and was the immediate cause of death.

The room at the time the officers and Karcher reached it, presented a horrible sight. Grimes was lying dead in his blood, the door was dashed in pieces, and on a stand near by were a half-emptied bottle and glasses smelling of whisky, which the guilty couple had been drinking. The dismasted wife was sobbing and trembling in a corner.

The unhappy Karchers were taken at once to the station. A coroner's inquest was held, at which the facts of the homicide were clearly shown, and a verdict was rendered that John W. Grimes came to his death from a pistol-shot wound inflicted by Louis Karcher. Grimes was about thirty-five years of age. He was engaged in the sewing-machine business and was generally looked on as a dissipated man.

## HIDING HER SHAME IN A RIVER.

Boatmen found the body of a young girl floating in the river at St. Louis, March 23. They brought it ashore and conveyed it to the Morgue, where it was identified as the remains of Mary Wiede, aged seventeen, who had disappeared from her home, No. 819 South Second street, a few days ago. She was in love with a baker named Theodore Stüber, and it is alleged that he decoyed her from her home, betrayed her, and then placed her in lodgings of his own, promising to marry her. One day the girl reappeared at her father's home. She was crying, and told her mother between sobs that she had been ruined, and then deserted. She said she had nothing left to live for, and that she would drown herself. She then fled from the house. Her mother ran after her, crying to her to come back. Several took up the cry, and there were soon fifteen or twenty enlisted in the chase. It was just after dark, but the girl was seen running down Poplar street. She crossed the Levee Railroad just in front of a freight train, which shut out the girl's pursuers, and when it had passed she was nowhere to be seen.

## HE DOES NOT NEED TO GO AFTER HIS MONEY.

In reply to an inquiry of a reporter, Mr. G. Goldsmith (one of our best-known Jewish citizens), Did you ever win anything before? He replied: Oh, yes! now and then. I once won \$1,250 in a German Lottery, and have won small sums at odd times in the Louisiana State Lottery, on Tuesday, March 11, on ticket No. 14,467. No! we have deposited the ticket with the Columbus, (Miss.) Insurance and Banking Co. for collection. It is sure enough. The draft was promptly honored.—Extract from the *Columbus (Miss.) Dispatch*, March 14, 1884.

## RESCUING POWDER FROM FIRE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At a fire in Portland, Me., March 30, Elisha G. Peterson, a show-case maker, went to an upper room, seized a keg of powder, dashed back through the flames, and reached the street in safety. That the powder did not explode seems remarkable. Peterson's wonderful courage was equalled, perhaps, by the nerve displayed by Samuel Thurston, a fireman, who stood at his post when he knew that he was in the

## MURDERED FOR MURDERERS

Mob, Militia and Carnage in the Queen City of the West.

Cincinnati the Scene of a Three Days' Terror—The Jail Fired and the Court-House Burned.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

"To the jail!" Listen. It's the angry shout of a furious mob. Ten thousand maddened rioters rush pell-mell through the streets like a terrific cyclone and surge around the prison. "Justice! revenge!" are heard above the howls and roar of the clamoring, seething multitude. "Give us Berner!" they cry. The rioters are frantic with rage. They are armed with pistols, clubs, axes, stones, bars and battering-rams. A terrific siege follows. Half sympathizing with the mob, the police force, which had been quickly mustered to protect the jail from the onslaughts of the indignant and revengeful throng, pretend to make an effort to quell the disturbance. This only encourages the desperate rioters, who now have become too formidable to be beaten back except with bullets, grape and canister. Shots are fired from the jail windows, and a few of the mob fall seriously wounded. More enraged than ever, the rioters attack the entrances to the jail with heavy timbers or battering-rams. Some use axes. An entrance is forced and the torch applied. The rioters howl like wild men. "Call out the militia!" Shortly the clatter of troops through the streets is heard, and they are soon inside the jail. The mob does not retreat. "Give them a volley!" Flash! bang! and several of the foremost rioters fall beneath the leaden hail. A number of soldiers are wounded. The wild torrent of men ebbs a little. "The Court-house is on fire!" The rioters are now exultant. Deafening cheers ascend from ten thousand throats. "More troops!" The spectators stand aghast at the prospect of frightful carnage. "Hark!" The click of musketry, and bullets fly like hail over the heads of the mob. "It's no use fooling with them. Another volley direct!" Several of the rioters fall dead in their tracks, others are mortally or seriously wounded, and some of the soldiers drop, pierced by leaden missiles. "Hurrah!" The mob now retreats, and in a little while disperses, still snarling over the calling out of the militia.

These scenes were witnessed in Cincinnati, the Queen City of the West, March 28, 29 and 30. That city and the surrounding country were in a state of excitement not equaled since the railroad riot of 1877. The bloody work divided public attention with the increasing feeling that law and order have been outraged and trampled upon quite as long as it could be endured.

The greatest interest was felt in the escape of William Berner, the stolid, brutal boy-murderer of William Kirk; and when the news came that he had been recaptured near Lovell, it was welcomed with a sigh of relief at the thought that at least a semblance of justice would be done in placing him behind the bars. There was a universal and outspoken suspicion that his escape had been winked at, but the suspicion is now known to be unfounded.

The causes which have led to the riot are deep-rooted and of long standing. The fact is that for some reason—either through malfeasance of those who are intrusted with the administration of the laws, or the chicanery and corruption of those who serve as juries—it now seems almost impossible in Cincinnati to mete out to criminals the just penalties which the laws impose upon their crimes. Forty-two murderers, from city and county, are at present confined in the jail. In addition to the lynching of Berner, it was the intention of the mob which attacked the jail to get possession of a number of these murderers whose crimes were the most brutal and inflict summary justice on them also.

The first attack on the jail, which was made Friday night, March 28, was described in the "Extra" in the POLICE GAZETTE of last week.

The details of occurrences Saturday night, March 29, equal in horror those of the preceding night. The crowd was full of rage against the military for shooting citizens the night before. They were disappointed that they had not succeeded in getting the twenty-three murderers out of the jail and hanging them. The rage against the jury that had allowed Berner to escape the gallows, and the cumbersome criminal law which had allowed the jail to become populated with murderers, was now turned against the citizen soldiery, commanded by inexperienced officers, that had killed and wounded so many of their number the night before.

Every musket and box of ammunition contained in the National Guard armory were transferred to the jail. Few were aware of the movement, so rapidly was it done. As another precautionary measure a number of barrels of coal-oil on store in the cellar of the armory were taken to a place of safety. After nightfall policemen and soldiers in preconcerted action brought, from heaven knows where, wagons, lumber, boxes, barrels and heavy stone with which they erected barricades on the Sycamore and East Court street approaches to the jail. Early in the morning Sheriff Hawkins telegraphed to Governor Hoadly to send on the Fourteenth regiment of Columbus and the Fourth of Dayton, and at the same time he issued a call for the First Veterans to assemble at the jail after supper. Evidently owing to sympathy to some extent with the popular feeling which resulted in the riot, the members of the regiments ordered out could not be gathered together quickly, and this delayed the arrival of the Fourteenth. Until 11 o'clock Saturday night the troops defending the city consisted of the First regiment, Col. C. B. Hunt commanding; the Second Ohio battery, under Capt. F. M. Joyce; detachments of police in command of Chief Rieley and half a dozen lieutenants, and a Gatling gun commanded by Lieut. Mark Langdon and a squad of policemen. On Main street at 9 o'clock dense shapeless throngs could be seen surging in front of the Court-house. Out of its blackness would come occasional flashes of shots fired by the mob. The darkness was almost impenetrable, as the gas in the street-lamps had been turned down to mere jets. At Court street, beginning at the corner of the jail wall and extending across Sycamore street to the houses on the East side, was a barricade six feet in height, composed of planks, overturned wagons and other weighty material, and behind this obstruction was a squad of Company H, in command of Capt. Carroll. There was a very narrow opening for ingress and egress. Beside the barricade was a quantity of ma-

terial in readiness to close the opening on the instant. Additional guards were at the jail steps and at intervals all the way into the building. Just inside the outer door were long, heavy joists, braced from the pillars to the doors. Stretched on the floor and the corridors were the reserves and night reliefs.

After the Court-house was fired, at nine in the evening, no firemen could approach it. For two hours the attempt was made, but the fire companies were driven away by the mob with cocked pistols. After the breaking of the windows and doors had been begun, the crowd seemed to gain courage. They advanced in small squads to the front of the building, until the number was gradually swelled to hundreds. As they were not fired upon they gained further courage, and continued their work of destruction. After demolishing the doors and windows, work was begun on the iron gates in front of the building. In an incredibly short time they were broken open, but the crowd seemed afraid to mount the stairs. At each crash of glass or fall of a door, the men standing in the street cheered on those engaged in the assault, and kept up a constant firing of revolvers. For awhile the flames made slow progress, but while it was gaining headway the crowd was not idle. It moved south on Main street, taking each office in turn and setting it on fire, until the entire lower story of the building was ablaze and looked like a huge furnace. As the walls and iron pillars and stairways became heated, the expansion of the metal made loud reports like the exploding of torpedoes. At about half-past ten the flames burst through the floor of the Auditor's office, and in a short time the whole room was ablaze. The flames were fed by the hundreds of immense volumes of records. In the meantime the fire had reached the Probate Court-room and the Sheriff's and Coroners' offices, both of which had been completely gutted, had been reached. In these offices were stored the records of the county since its formation, over 100 years ago. These were used to feed the flames, and were all destroyed. By this means the fire reached the woodwork in the rear rooms, and worked its way to the Clerk's office. The records in this office, which were destroyed, were of incalculable value, and cannot be replaced. The Recorder's office, in which the records of real and personal property from the formation of the county were kept, was next burned out. While this was going on the crowd continued to demolish the windows, and while some of them were thus at work others rushed around to the south side of the building to get at that portion of it and fire it.

At 10 the first really genuine appearance of trouble was indicated by the crowd, which at that time began to force down on the platoons of police at Court and Main streets. They were met by a volley of blank cartridges, discharged from the patrolmen's navy revolvers. Some of the more timid took flight, but the greater number only wavered, and in a few minutes pressed forward again, and then a second volley was fired. A few scattering militiamen appeared in the throng on their way to join their comrades in the Court-house rotunda, when cries of "Kill them, kill!" came up from the mob, followed by stones and other missiles, which were buried at them as they passed in.

Suddenly a crashing of glass was heard in the vicinity of the Treasurer's office, to the left of the main entrance to the Court-house on Main street, and a moment later flames began to roll out through the broken doors and windows. When the immense throng witnessed this new spectacle cheer after cheer went up.

The spectacle now was thrilling. The entrance to South Court street and North Court street at Main street were guarded by platoons of police. In front of them was the howling mob, cheering the flames as they leaped higher and higher. From the canal bridge, on the north, to Elgin, on the south, Main street was one dense mass of human beings, while facing the Court-house, leading west, Court street for two squares distant, as far as Vine, was filled with people viewing the awful destruction.

The alleys opening into both North and South Court streets, between Main and Sycamore streets, were guarded by the militiamen, while the entrance to those alleys on Ninth street, on the south, and the canal, on the north, were guarded by the police. Ninth street was also kept clear from Main street to Canal, and Sycamore street at Ninth was guarded by platoons of police. Further north, on Sycamore street, where it intersected by South Court street, to make the defense doubly secure, was Main street, in front of the Court-house, and Court street for a block west was densely packed with women, boys and girls.

They had not long to wait to see the fearful carnage. Still the crowd pressed forward, loath to leave the scene. A would-be leader, a big, heavy German, on Main street shouted: "Boys, follow me. Let's go around to the jail yard gate and burst it open, and take out the —— of ——," and a yell went up from those around.

About fifty men and boys, many of them carrying clubs, axes, hammers, and broom-handles, formed in line and went around North Court street, followed by the surging crowd. They were met by a volley from the soldiery, and pell-mell they went, heads low, brandishing their weapons.

Two of them were seen to fall. In a similar rush to the east, on South Court street, afterward, it was seen that the slaughter from the fire of the militia was terrific.

Just as the rapidly increasing flames had gutted the lower floors and had begun to creep up into the offices, volleys of musketry were heard from the direction of South Court street, where a barricade had been erected. Each volley sounded like the boom of a cannon, and the frightened crowd ran for their lives before the awful storm of lead. The bullets struck against the brick buildings on the west side of Main street with an ominous sound. As the crowd poured out of South Court street into Main street one man after another was seen to reel and fall. Some crawled around the corner on their hands and knees, while others were carried tenderly by their fellows, who were brave enough to stand and assist them. Nothing was heard from the immense throng except imprecations against the militia. "Set fire to the armory!" "Burn the town!" and like cries were heard on every side. Meanwhile a scattering fire was being delivered, and the feelings of the infuriated mob grew more intense every instant. The wounded were carried away as rapidly as possible, and the dead were cared for later. This was the short-range firing by the twelve men stationed behind the barricade. They fired three rounds (thirty-six shots) into the densely packed crowd, and fired to kill.

Three men were carried to the drug store at Court and Walnut streets. Edward Wise, of 448 Main street, was shot through the foot. He said he belonged to the First regiment, Company A, and was shot down by members of his own company. Kolp, of 50 Eastern avenue was badly wounded. Many of the dead and

wounded were left lying on the streets a long time because they could not be taken away with safety.

At 11 o'clock the Fourteenth regiment arrived, and its commander, Col. Freeman, proceeded to clear the streets on the north, south and west sides of the Court-house. Arriving on Main street, the regiment opened fire up and down Main and Court streets. The crowd fled and took refuge in the intersecting streets, leaving their dead behind. The slaughter was great, but not so great relatively as that caused by the volley from the twelve men behind the barricades. It was a long time before the dead and wounded from this firing could be gathered up. The dead were taken to Undertaker Habig's and the wounded to the hospital. About twenty of the rioters were killed or mortally and seriously wounded.

John Kelly, of Company F, Columbus Guards, was taken to the City Hospital with a bullet wound in his leg, near the ankle. He said his company had been in front nearly all the time, and over a dozen had fallen, to his knowledge. Sergt. Amy was shot through the neck, and Private Charles Seitzer in the temple, but not dangerously.

The scene at Habig's morgue was frightful. Eight corpses on a long table, with blood-spots on the clothing and bullet-holes in various parts of the bodies, gave evidence of the cause of death. All except one had the appearance of having been laboring men. That one is the body of a neatly-dressed person, but as no mark of violence was found, it is supposed that he died from fright.

Burdall's drug store, on Main street, was turned into a hospital for wounded soldiers. Among those there were Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. M. Longetti, of the Fourteenth regiment, Columbus, slightly wounded; Sergt. Mike Malone, Company B, First regiment, Cincinnati, flesh wounds; Capt. Slack, Company F, Fourteenth regiment, wounded in the right hand; First Sergeant Amil, Company F, Fourteenth regiment, wounded in the right hand and three slight wounds in the head and legs; Private W. H. Schonev, Company F, Fourteenth regiment, wounded in hip and leg, and Private J. H. Kelly, Company F, Fourteenth regiment, three slight leg wounds.

When the County Treasurer's office was burning, Capt. Desmond marched at the head of a detachment of militia to save the public property. A bullet from the mob went crashing through his brain, killing him instantly. At nearly the same moment Sergeant McLean was shot in the shoulder and Private McGuire through the lung. Capt. Desmond was a valuable officer of the First regiment National Guard, and never shirked duty. He was a member of the law firm of Healy, Brennan & Desmond.

After the dispersion of the mob by the Fourteenth regiment, a large portion of the crowd moved south on Main street, and, stopping in front of Powell's gun store, which is on that thoroughfare, between Fourth and Fifth streets, made preparations to force an entrance. Private Watchman John Connally faced the throng on their way to join their comrades in the Court-house rotunda, when cries of "Kill them, kill!" came up from the mob, followed by stones and other missiles, which were buried at them as they passed in.

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wounded were left lying on the streets a long time because they could not be taken away with safety.

The slightest sign of trouble the most decided action will be taken at once. The lists which have been gathered of the killed and wounded differ somewhat from the first estimate. The killed number forty-eight. There are 125 wounded at the hospitals. Numbers are known to have been carried to their homes, and as they belonged to the mob their names will not be reported by their families unless it is found they are dangerously hurt. The total number of casualties was probably not far from 200, not including those who were clubbed by the police or hurt by brickbats.

The feeling against the militia is increasing. They are held responsible for the slaughter, which it is the general belief was entirely unnecessary. The mob was excited by the calling out of the militia in the beginning and was rendered furious by their reckless shooting. The buildings for the distance of a square in every direction from the Court-house are full of marks of musket-balls. It is unaccountable that there were not more killed. Every few steps blood-stains can be seen on the pavements and sidewalks. In some places there are large patches of a dark color that tell where men fell and died.

A lot of dynamite cartridges intended for use in blasting have been stolen from a contractor on Walnut Hills. There are fears that they may be used in blowing up buildings. Subscriptions have been taken for supplying the Mayor with the means to employ 2,000 extra policemen until such times as the city shall be considered safe from the ravages of bands of thieves.

At a meeting of citizens the courts were urged by resolution to arrange for the disposal of the criminal docket as rapidly as possible; in other words, to avoid the delays and technicalities which have made criminal trials almost a farce, and were indirectly the cause of the uprising. The judges held a private meeting, and it is understood that this subject was considered.

Thus far all, or nearly all, the rioters tried in the police court have been let go. They were identified as good, respectable, industrious workingmen. Only a few of them have been proven to be thieves, and they have been punished. Some of the respectable rioters, however, were sentenced to the workhouse for thirty days, which sentence was in every case suspended on condition that they remain indoors after dark.

Capt. Folger, who commanded the detachment of militia which fired the first shots, published a card denying the statement that he ordered his men to fire. He says:

"Sheriff Hawkins gave the order in the words, 'Give it to 'em, boys, fire,' and in the excitement I could not stop them, so I cried, 'For Christ's sake, boys, fire high.' My men would never have fired if it had not been that four of them were wounded with stones and shots from the crowd, and they shot on the Sheriff's order. I have been in the war. I would rather face an enemy than such a crowd of citizens, with whom I have a fellow-feeling, and I would not rashly give an order such as it has been said I gave."

## A JERSEY HERO.

## An Old Man Who Has Saved Sixty-two Lives.

## [With Portrait.]

Archie Parks, an old man living by the canal feeder, Trenton, N. J., has saved sixty-two lives in his time. He saved a little girl's life a few weeks ago. In an interview, recently, he gave an account of his rescues. He said:

"I can't go over them all, but I'll mention some. I saved Steve Wyncoop, who fell into the Prison Basin. I was in bed another night when a call came for me that a man was making for the feeder for suicide. I jumped out and got there in time to nab him as he went down the third time. Another day I was coming through Montgomery street, when I saw a boy riding on a sled. He had hitched to a milkman's wagon. The sled rope had got around his neck, and he was choking. The milkman wouldn't stop, not seeing the boy, so I grabbed his horse and saved the lad. At Pennington, another day, a lady with two children was getting off a morning train. She was on the point of falling under, when I grabbed the woman and one child and pushed the other on the platform.

"Another time Jack Donnelly would have smothered while fixing a boiler at the rubber works if I had not hauled him out. One New Year's Eve I was in bed in the swamp when I heard 'murder.' I got out quick and found a man, head down, in a big bank of snow, unable to get up. He had been assaulted and robbed. I got him out and caught the robber, who went to prison. I saved a Ewing Township farmer twice from robbery, and may be murder, in the swamp. I have saved scores from drowning in the creek, most were small boys and don't count."

"And how much have you got Archie," was asked, "for your services?"

"Once I got an old soldier's overcoat for stopping two burglars from stealing a valuable team back of Hanover street. I got the suit of clothes I told you about, and I got twenty-five cents for saving a rich man's son. That's all I ever saw for saving sixty-two lives."

## JAMES PROCTOR.

We present this week a portrait recently taken by Gilbert & Bacon, of Philadelphia, of the veteran actor, James Proctor. He is one of the last of the old school of actors that delighted the fathers of the present generation, and is still a bold and hearty man, delighting the theatre-goers to-day. How often he has played "Nick of the Woods." It would probably be difficult for even himself to say. A contemporary of the great lights of the American stage of half a century ago, the companion of most of those prominently connected with theatres since that time, and the mentor of many now striving for recognition in histrionic circles, he is probably the best-posted man on the history of the American stage now living.

## A PLUCKY POLICEMAN.

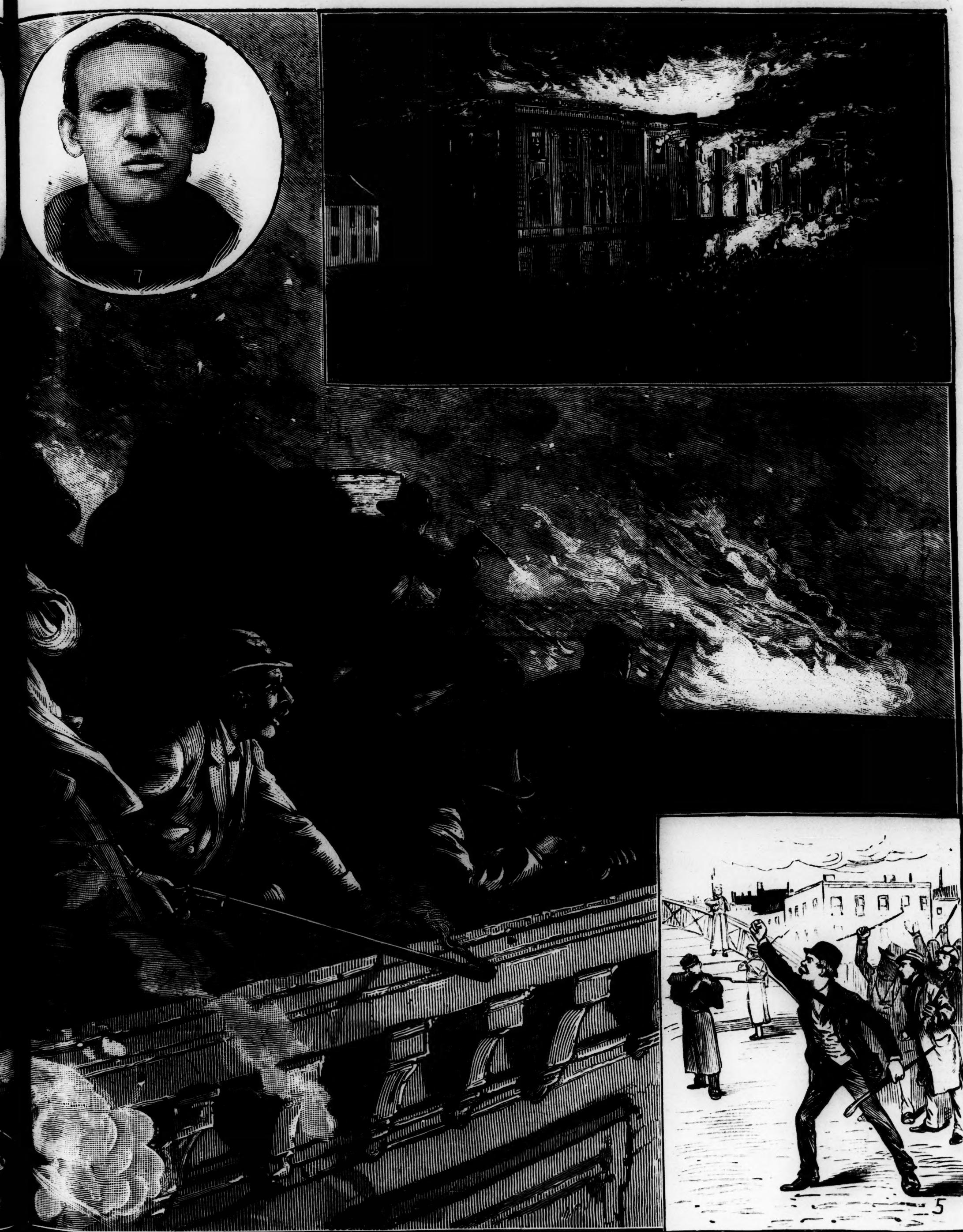
[With Portrait.]

Policeman John Stebbins, of Cadiz, Ohio, is one of the pluckiest men on the force. He recently distinguished himself by shooting one of the most desperate characters in that locality. A colored desperado named



## SLAUGHTERING GOOD MEN

EPISODES OF THE CINCINNATI RIOTS, AS SKETCHED BY "POLICE GAZETTE" SPECIAL ARTISTS. I--A HOUSE OF THE ABSENTEES. V--DEFYING DEATH. VI--THE MURDERER.



SAVE MURDERERS' LIVES.

FORTRESS. II--FIRING THE COURT-HOUSE. III--THE BURNING OF THE COURT-HOUSE. IV--PLUNDERING  
WILLIAM BERNER. VII--HIS ACCOMPLICE, ARTHUR PALMER.

## THE PRIZE RING.

## Opinions and Speculations as to the Next Champion.

## Is Thompson or Kilrain the Coming Man?--Mitchell, Sheriff and Other Candidates.

Since John Kilrain met Charles Mitchell, the heavyweight champion of England, at Boston, David Blanchard and James Keenan think they have found a second John L. Sullivan, and they intend to put him to the fore and back him against all comers. Kilrain is evidently a better pugilist than many give him credit for. He deserves great praise for the display he made with Mitchell on the 26th of March. Kilrain was facing one of the greatest pugilists living. It was Kilrain's first appearance in public. He fought a draw with Jim Goode, but that contest was decided in the Crib Club at Boston, and it was only a private affair. The only question is, did Mitchell try to do his best or was he in harness? It has been reported among the knowing ones that make Billy Madden's Athletic Hall, in Thirteenth street, their headquarters, that Mitchell did not want to knock out Kilrain at Boston, that he only intended to make a satisfactory show. On the other hand, the sporting men of the Hub claim that Mitchell could not knock out Kilrain if he tried, and that is just how the matter stands. Many persons have an idea that it is an easy matter to knock out a pugilist in four three-minute rounds, but they labor under a delusion. A clever little man may stop or knock out a clumsy big man, but there is no clever little man able to knock out a clever big one in four rounds or on time. Kilrain stands 5 feet 10 inches in height; he weighs 176 pounds. He is a very clever scientific sparrer, and should be able to defeat most any pugilist. He is not as well posted on ring tactics as many who have had more experience, and he has a great many points to learn. All he requires is a scientific teacher like Charley Norton, the light-weight champion, to instruct him thoroughly, and then, if he has the pluck and courage, he may develop into a promising candidate for the championship. At present he is miles behind championship form, and would be no match for Mitchell unless it were in a four three-minute-round contest.

Keenan, of Boston, is fairly carried away on Kilrain. He thinks that, with a little training and teaching, he will be a match for John L. Sullivan.

Arthur Chambers, who is a capital judge, says Kilrain is a likely pugilist, but that he will be able to give a better opinion of Kilrain's abilities after Sheriff and the new Boston winter meet in the ring.

Dominick McCaffrey, of Pittsburgh, wants to meet Kilrain, but the latter's backer declines to have any dealing with the Pittsburgh pugilist. Why didn't McCaffrey meet Kilrain when he was in Boston? Keenan says, "Because he was afraid. I have better men for Kilrain to meet than McCaffrey. I am going to put him against Mitchell, Sheriff, Thompson, and then Sullivan."

Patsy Sheppard, the popular sporting man, and mine host at the Abbey, 71 Harrison avenue, Boston, who was one of Kilrain's seconds when he met Mitchell, says: "Kilrain is a great pugilist. He is liable to whip anybody except Sullivan. It is only his second go. Wait until you see him meet Mitchell again."

David Blanchard says: "Kilrain is another Boston wonder. He will be just as formidable as Sullivan, if he keeps on improving. I guess he surprised Mitchell."

Pat Campbell, who keeps a sporting house at No. 8 Howard street, Boston, says: "John L. Sullivan will have to look to his laurels, for Kilrain is a dangerous candidate. I should like to see Jim Keenan put him against Mervine Thompson."

Tim McCarthy, the Grand Mogul of the Crib Club of Boston, says: "Boston is the place to raise pugilists. We turned out a champion heavy weight of the world when we paraded Sullivan, and now we have Kilrain."

Jack Stewart, who at one time owned Jack Stewart, the great twenty-mile trotter, now on the Pacific Slope, says: "Kilrain is a clever boxer, and it is strange that one of the many sporting men at Boston do not bring about a match, by either backing Frazier to meet White or offering a purse for the pugilists to contend for."

J. McHenry and R. Dalton, of Running Water, W. T., send the following letter which we publish:

RUNNING WATER, W. T., March 23, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

In the Rochell Mining District, W. T., we have a pugilist who is eager to fight John L. Sullivan, or any pugilist in America if Sullivan is not eager to fight. We propose to back Frank De Castro against any pugilist in America, to fight a fair stand-up fight, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. We will post \$500 with James McStingey, postmaster of Wenlon, W. T., or with Richard K. Fox, to prove that we mean business; or, we will match De Castro to box any pugilist in America "Police Gazette" rules, for from \$1,000 to \$5,000, and allow any pugilist accepting expenses to meet our champion either in Wyoming or Colorado.

JAMES McHENRY.

R. DALTON.

De Castro stands 5 feet 10 inches in height, weighs 202 pounds, and is twenty-six years of age.

The *Ohio State Journal* says: "Bob Farrell, the New York pugilist, is one of the most graceful and gamey men who dons the gloves, and can give points to the most learned in the profession. In conversation with Farrell it was learned that he endeavors as far as is in his power to copy after Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, in regard to giving an audience what he promises, and leaving all satisfied. He looks upon Fox as the soul of honor in the business, and states that he has done more than any other one man to kill off hippodroming and elevate the standard of the manly art."

The great glove fight for the "Police Gazette" medal, representing the championship of Tombstone, Arizona, was fought for at Schleifer Hall, Tombstone, on March 18. The principals were Nell McLeod of Tombstone, the holder of the trophy, and Billy Lynn of Tucson. Great interest was manifested over the contest, and the hall was packed.

Paddy Ryan got hit right in the neck at Chicago, recently. It was nearly as hard a blow as Sullivan landed with his terrific right on Ryan's left jugular the day they met in the ring at Mississippi City.

ceipts. Hoping for an early reply from Madden and his champion, who know I mean business, I remain, yours,

JAMES KEENAN.

35 Kneeland street, Boston.

In a barn, at New Haven, Conn., on March 26, Eugene Smith and Sam Chase, colored pugilists, fought according to the "Police Gazette" Queensberry rules, for a purse. Chase weighed 170 pounds while his opponent weighed 190 pounds. Only three rounds were fought when Chase, who turned out to be quite a pugilist, pounded Smith unmercifully, and, as he refused to continue, Chase was declared the winner.

In reply to the recent offer of Jimmy Weeden, the Pittsburg pugilist, to box any light weight, Bob Farrell, the well-known New York pugilist, who is on a successful sparring tour with Harry Woodson, the Black Diamond, writes as follows to the POLICE GAZETTE:

COLUMBUS, OHIO, April 1, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

Having read a challenge in the POLICE GAZETTE from James Weeden, of Pittsburg, who states he is willing to box any light weight in America, please state that I shall be pleased to meet Mr. Weeden at any time or place he may mention, and contest four or six rounds to a finish, with regulation boxing gloves, "Police Gazette" rules to govern the contest, the winner to take all the gate receipts.

Respectfully yours,

BOB FARRELL.

At Tincum, Pa., on the 26th ult., there was a slashing prize fight between Jack Stirlith, of Chester, and Ned Copeland, a colored boxer, of Philadelphia, who has been spending a portion of his time in this city. Stirlith is a young man about twenty-four years of age, of good physique, medium height, and weighs 170 pounds. Copeland is a tall, angular-looking colored fellow, of about the same age, and stands nearly 6 feet in his stockings, of slim build, and weighs 175 pounds.

The fight was conducted according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules, for a purse. Stirlith was handled by Andrew Oesterley, and Copeland by Ike Rothwell.

The fight was a desperate one. Copeland secured the first knock-down in the second round, and sent his man under the ropes, thereby gaining an advantage, which, if he had followed it up at the time, might have resulted disastrously to his opponent. The third and fourth rounds were a repetition of the first, and both men employed the time walking around the ring, both afraid to lead off, until time was called, when they took to their quarters. Stirlith got in one or two hard right-hand blows just above the belt of his adversary in the third round, which rather took the black's wind, but he saw the dodge, and was on his guard. The fight ended rather abruptly in the fifth round, when the black permitted Stirlith to get over his guard and get in a right-handed blow which sent him sprawling under the ropes. He failed to rise at the expiration of 10 seconds, the limited time, and when he attempted to regain his feet at the end of 22 seconds, at the solicitation of his second and backer, Stirlith followed up his advantage and delivered one or two effective blows after a rapid exchange. Copeland's backers claimed a foul, and for a time a row was imminent, but after some jangling the matter was left to the referee, who awarded the fight to Stirlith.

Dominick McCaffrey has left Pittsburg. Tom Hughes, the well-known sporting man, says that McCaffrey has been boycotted in the Smoky City. Hughes says McCaffrey will regret his action in informing the police of the Connors-Davis fight recently. A number of admirers of boxing in that city are arranging to have the affair published in all of the sporting papers in the country. It will greatly injure McCaffrey's reputation among the fraternity. It is known positively that he furnished the police the "tip" simply for spite for being refused admittance to the fight because he would not pay the admission fee of \$15. When the police made the raid, McCaffrey pointed out the principals. His action will be remembered by all of the persons who were present at the Davis-Connors fight, and his future benefits will no doubt be tame affairs. McCaffrey expects to have a benefit at the Coliseum on April 12, when he and Sheriff, the Prussian, will have a bout, but no sporting man will attend.

Frank White, the boniface of the Champions' Rest, corner of Houston and Bowery, New York, is eager to arrange a glove contest with Billy Frazier. White appears very anxious to meet the Boston light weight, and it is strange that one of the many sporting men at Boston do not bring about a match, by either backing Frazier to meet White or offering a purse for the pugilists to contend for.

The *Acme Life*, San Francisco, states that James A. Slattery, who trained Geo. M. Robinson for his shuffling match with Sullivan, has challenged Herbert A. Slade to a contest with hard gloves, Marquis of Queensberry rules to govern, for \$500 a side. James A. Slattery is a native of County Killkenny, Ireland, and twenty-two years of age. When in condition he weighs in the neighborhood of 170 pounds, and stands 5 feet 10 1/2 inches in height. He has already fought eight stubborn, fiercely-contested battles, in all of which his performances proved alike creditable to himself and satisfactory to his friends and the general public. A hard, clean, scientific hitter, of unquestioned pluck and staying power, with a clear, quick eye, and above all a cool head and well-balanced, active brain, he certainly possesses and combines all the peculiar attributes so essential in the successful pugilist, as was conclusively proven in his match with Jack Brady, one of our best men, when nineteen hard rounds were fought and the battle finally declared a draw. His recent hard-glove set-to with Bill Williams, the colored heavy weight, near Berkeley, Cal., also showed him to be a game fighter, a terrible striker and a regular veteran at "facing the music." He was also one of the trainers of Robinson in the recent racket with Sullivan, and reliable authority has it that on more than one occasion previous to the fiasco he knocked Robinson topsy-turvy at the training-grounds. Be that as it may, if Slattery "did up" Robinson, he can certainly be counted on rattling the Maori even more lively than George, and gracious knows that was next to besting.

In regard to John Kilrain, the Boston *Star* says: "James Keenan is thoroughly justified in his opinion of the second Sullivan, and it looks as though Kilrain has a great future before him. The beauty of Kilrain is this: that a young and comparatively unknown man stood up for four rounds against the English champion, and, in the sparring of the first three, had certainly the even of it if not the best of it."

Advices from England state that Bill Mullins has issued a challenge to box Bill Goode at 144 pounds, for \$100 a side and upward.

At Cleveland, Ohio, on March 27, Dick Wentling and W. S. Layton, who were arrested March 22 at the armory while giving a sparring exhibition which the police held to be a violation of the Revised Statutes, had their cases called up in the police court in Cleveland. The defense admitted the facts as charged, but essayed to make the point that a glove contest is not a fight at fistfights; but Judge Hutchins held that the spirit of the law was violated, and fined the defendants the costs. The police by this decision are charged with the duty of arresting all sluggers who attempt to give exhibitions of their skill in that city, and Cleveland will not be as inviting a field for sluggers as it was not long ago.

Tom Murray has covered the deposit of Young Britt, of Germantown, Pa., who challenged him to a four-round glove fight, Marquis of Queensberry rules for \$100 a side. Murray agrees to fight Britt with either hard or soft gloves, in a private room, four weeks from signing articles.

A prize fight was fought at Pittsburgh, Pa., on March 26, just outside the city limits, between Fred Hoyt and James Hammer, alias Madden, for a purse of \$150. Hoyt failed to come to time for the fourth round, and the purse was awarded to his opponent. The pugilists fought according to London prize ring rules.

Arthur Chambers, Wm. Sheriff, Jimmy Mitchell, Billy Madden, Charley Mitchell, Charley Norton and Joe Wooley desire through the POLICE GAZETTE to return thanks to Joe Goss, James Keenan, Patsy Sheppard and the sporting men of the Hub generally, for courtesies extended to them while on their visit to Boston.

On April 1 Richard K. Fox was found at his sporting palace, in Franklin square, and interviewed in reference to Al. Smith's statement, given publicly through an Associate Press dispatch, that the \$2,500 now posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office to back Mervine Thompson to fight John L. Sullivan did not belong to Duncan C. Ross. He said: "Al. Smith is mistaken when he claims that I am furnishing the stakes for Mervine Thompson. When I desire to back a pugilist I do so publicly. If I were backing Thompson, why should I be afraid to say so? Besides, do you suppose I would put up \$2,500 and allow some one else to receive the credit? I guess not. The \$2,500 now posted for Mervine Thompson to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 and the championship of America belongs to Duncan C. Ross. Al. Smith is mistaken when he supposes Ross cannot spare that amount. Ross is worth nearly \$20,000, and I am certain he will wager any sum he says on Thompson."

Tom McAlpine wants to know why Duncan C. Ross don't accept the challenge issued by him to match McHenry Johnson against Mervine Thompson. McAlpine has \$100 posted with Richard K. Fox.

Ryan was looking at a cocking main being fought in Chicago and was betting five dollars on a dark-red which was pitted against a pyle. The fowl Ryan was bucking finally ran away, when Paddy shouted, "Why, he is a dunghill." "Oh, no," said the owner of the dark red, "he has only dropped his truss, you have not forgot Mississippi so soon, have you, Paddy?" It was a hard blow for Ryan.

The terms and conditions of the match were explained to the audience by the referee. Geo. Mahon, a well-known sporting man, suggested that fouls be barred as well as the number of rounds, but the referee stated that the principals would not agree to it, and that the fight would be according to "Police Gazette" rules in every particular, except the limitation to number of rounds. Lynn, accompanied by his seconds, Jim Chatham and Tim Sullivan, entered the ring at 8:23. He wore white trunks and white hose, with a green silken sash around his waist. In a few moments McLeod entered with his seconds, Jack McDonald and Tom Harris. McLeod wore white trunks and red hose, with an orange-colored silk handkerchief around his waist. The difference in the size of the two men was very noticeable, McLeod being several inches taller than Lynn, and weighing 167 pounds, while Lynn weighed but 135 pounds. The referee called time at 8:43, whereupon the principals stepped to the center of the ring, shook hands, and at once assumed a defensive position.

ROUND 1.—After some sparring, a few well-directed blows from McLeod forced Lynn down at the ropes in his corner. ROUND 2.—McLeod succeeded in planting one straight from the left shoulder just over Lynn's left eye, which sent him to the floor. He quickly recovered, but received another left-hander that sent him a second time to the floor. ROUND 3.—Closed without another knock-down, but with Mac a little winded. ROUND 4.—Lynn was again forced down under the ropes and claimed a foul, which, however, was not allowed by the referee.

ROUND 5.—Several good blows were well planted by both parties. Lynn at length made a pass at McLeod, intended to take effect just above the belt, but it fell short. Seeing it was going to be followed with another powerful blow from Mac, Lynn dropped upon his knees and received what many believed he had been playing for—a foul; the referee instantly awarding Lynn the fight. George Brooks was referee, and his decision was considered a fair one.

Up to the time the POLICE GAZETTE went to press John L. Sullivan had not replied to the challenge issued by Duncan C. Ross to back Mervine Thompson, neither had Al. Smith, Sullivan's backer, covered the \$2,500 Ross has posted with Richard K. Fox to prove he is in earnest. It was understood by dispatches from San Francisco that Sullivan would lose no time in covering Ross' money after it was posted, but it does not look that way. Thompson is not wasting time. He trains daily, and reports from Cleveland claim that he is improving every day. All sporting men are anxiously awaiting to see whether Sullivan will fight Thompson or not. Many claim the match will never be arranged; that Sullivan would not risk his reputation by meeting Thompson, who, many claim, is just such a wonder as Sullivan was when he loomed into prominence, by knocking out Taylor, Donaldson, Flood, Elliott, etc. Thompson has been successful in every match he has engaged in since he met Baker, and his backer, Duncan C. Ross, who always knows what he is about, stands ready with \$5,000 to back his opinion that Thompson can beat any man in the world. Sullivan stands in a gap. His reputation is at stake, and he should at once come to the front and agree to fight Thompson.

Tom Kearns, the noted sporting man, will again have charge of the bars and refreshment-stands at Saratoga, Jerome and Long Branch race meetings. This will be a source of satisfaction to his many friends. Kearns also is one of the proprietors of the Champions' Rest, near Houston street, in the Bowery; keeps a hotel at Fordham, and has a popular resort on the road.

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Harry Webb, the noted sporting man, and proprietor of the "Police Gazette" Palace Hotel, at Longmont, Col., has had the misfortune to lose his wife, who died recently after a long illness.

John H. Clark, the pugilist, will probably lease the American theatre, on Callowhill street, Philadelphia, having come to satisfactory arrangements with Mr. Betz.

John Kilrain and Wm. Sheriff have been matched to box four rounds, according to Queensberry rules, at Boston, in two weeks. It will be a contest well worth witnessing, and the match will no doubt create a furor.

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## OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Breezes From the Baseball Field and Points About the Players--News and Gossip From All Over the Country.

Send him home.

Where did they get him from?

BASSEBALL will top the deck this season.

When will some of the dilapidated take a drop?

SHANSON, Simmons and Mason make a charming trio.

TARBOX has large hands and feet, and a splendid mouth for pie.

THE old war-horse, Tommy Bond, will again enter the arena this season.

THE New Yorkers are getting up quite an appetite for baseball this season.

MANAGER FRANCIS is one of the boys, and is well versed in the ways of the world.

BILLY McJANAN feels his oats since he has been appointed a League umpire.

It will be a miracle if the New Yorks come out anywhere near the top of the heap.

DONOMAN is awfully strong since he stopped boozing. He broke a bat in a recent game.

Bad judgment is frequently displayed by some of our would-be crack baseball managers.

Since MANSELL's "mug" is a great acquisition to the American Association official guide.

The Union umpires have caught on well. They get \$140 per month and their expenses.

ALL the worn-out plugs in the country are preparing to enter the baseball arena this season.

THE St. Louis management have granted Latham permission to wear a collar and neck-tie on Ladies' Day.

Give us more "bum" ball-players, as New York is a splendid training-school for slip-shod professionals.

It would be a hard master for Taylor to sit on the fence and see a Union club go without making a noise.

It is a great marvel with some of the old-established ball clubs as to where the Unions get their wealth from.

NASM, of the Virginias, of Richmond, gives promise of becoming one of the leading base-runners of the country.

AMONG the jaw-breakers of the baseball profession are Schomburg, Hünneström, Breitenstrem and Bischlager.

The Williamsburgh Athletic Club have purchased a lot, 50x100, and are talking about laying it out as a baseball field.

A cool club has been organized at Princeton, and they will strive to win the black flag during the coming season.

It seems a mystery to many how Anson manages to get around the bases with his feet. It must be a terrible exertion.

The "American Baseball Guide" was intended to be a model book, but it makes one weary to gaze upon its blunders.

DAN O'LEARY doesn't see how the Indianapolis Club can suspend a man when he has no "suspenders," and Dan never had any.

DICKER, who was an eye-sore to the New York public last year, will doubtless be one of the League official umpires this season.

McKNIGHT is not close, but it is like giving up his heart to pay the politicians \$15 license fee for each game played on his ground.

HUGH DALY, the famous crank of the box, struck a big bonanza when he worked the Chicago Union Club for \$3,000 for his services this season.

BRADLEY, after holding out all winter, has proved himself a bound by going back on his Cincinnati contract and joining Simmons' Minstrels.

LATHAM, the St. Louis "Dude," has turned up as quite a sprinter, and is ready and willing to run anything in the American Association.

In the Pittsburgh menagerie there are six pitchers, seven catchers, two first basemen, three second basemen, two short-stops and three out-fielders.

YANKEEPO is showing itself in Boston, where the admirers of the game are making a grand kick to have the season ticks reduced to \$20 from \$30.

THE Metropolitans are eating the ball this season, and they anticipate making some of the clubs chew their own cud before the season gets far advanced.

THE Athletics will have a strapping big catcher this season in John Milligan, of last year's Anthracites of Pottsville. He is a six-footer, and weighs 180 lbs.

It is amusing to see the intelligent grin which lights up Murphy's "mug" when asked what club he thinks will win the American Association championship.

PURCELL received orders either to give up his restaurant business or baseball. An order of this kind to Captain Lynch would be the making of the game in New York city.

PARK has been elected an honorary member of the American Association, but all he ever did for the association was to arrive last, and leave first, at their annual meetings.

GOLDSMITH is now in a pretty fair way to lose a lung. He took a heavy cold recently, wallowing in the park, and is now confined to his bed with inflammation of the lungs.

UNLESS Ed. Williamson can drop about 50 lbs of blant, Chicago will want another man to cover third base, as Ed. will never be able to stoop down with his present corporation.

THE New Yorks will have to do better work than they have shown thus far this season, if they expect to accomplish anything when they enter upon their championship season.

THE baseball epidemic has reached the muddy region of Kansas City, and the admirers of the game have gone down into their pockets for \$7,000 to run a baseball club for next season.

FRANK BANCROFT has made an early start with the Providence Club, and if he don't break the team up before the middle of April, he will have them first-class condition by the first of May.

CAYLOR and Jimmy Williams work the American Association championship schedule to suit their own convenience, and the "numskulls" at the convention fell into line like sheep being led to the slaughter.

HOW on earth does Mills earn his salary? He has nothing to do but attend the League annual meeting in the fall, and the schedule meeting in the spring, still he draws \$1,000 salary as President of the League.

HUNSMOND, the great left-hand phenomenon, who came out a few years ago, and carried terror to the hearts of the batsmen, has dropped like a big lump of dough, and is now but little better than a first-class amateur.

CAYLOR, of the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, styles the new Cincinnati Union Club "The side-show of the game," but it is only a matter of time until his Cincinnati Americans will play second fiddle to the side-show.

MR. ESPERIAN, Vice-President of the St. Louis Union Club, who recently purchased three paintings for \$2,000 for his club-rooms, is a man of great means, and he is determined to make the Union Association a grand success.

CHARLES BYRNE, President of the Brooklyn Club, made a big business "spec" when he secured the Delmar Club House at Fourth avenue and Ninth street, South Brooklyn, which is to be run as a private hotel to accommodate visiting clubs.

GONS, of the Chicagoans, who was a great favorite in New Orleans during the past winter, was presented with a handsome gold badge, before coming North this spring, and any one will have to swallow his gore in order to take it from him.

THE management of the Cincinnati Club, disgraceful as it may seem, stooped to every mean, contemptible little trick within their power to prevent the Union Association Club of that city from preparing their ball park for the opening of the season.

MANAGER TAYLOR, of the Brooklyn Club, is a very modest man, and rates his team fifth in the American Association championship race. It strikes us, however, that they will be in the greatest kind of luck if they succeed in getting tenth place.

THE Bostons have a man on trial who is 6 ft 3 in tall, and has to be taken on and off the ground in sections. They are going to make a backstop of him, as his specialty is to reach over the batsman's head, and catch the ball as it leaves the pitcher's hand.

It seems as though inventor "cranks" will never cease. The latest scheme is the electric base indicator to tell the umpire who touches the base first, the runner or the baseman. It is a first-class arrangement for blind umpires, but we haven't any this year.

Some very inquisitive fellow wanted to know if a man is obliged to play ball after having served eighty years in the harness, and upon being informed that there was no rule to that effect, replied: "Why on earth don't some person give Bob Ferguson the cue?"

The New York Clipper regrets that greater scope has not been given to the batter by the baseball associations in their new rules, but "Papa" Chadwick has so many other things to regret, that it seems odd that a small matter of this kind should occupy his attention.

THE Union Association doesn't prove a grand success we'll throw up the sponge. They have plenty of capital and the best wishes of the public, who are thoroughly disgusted with the mean and selfish efforts put forth by the other associations to crowd them out of the arena.

THE Pennsylvania Road are lending their fullest support to the Altoona Club by threatening to dismiss all their employees who attend any of the games. Backed by a corporation of this kind, it is thought that the Altoona will be one of the wealthiest organizations in the United States by the close of the season.

ALONZO KNIGHT, of the Athletic Club, graduated from Girard College in 1774, and then went into ball-playing as a business, and has stuck to it ever since, and will play with the Athletics again this season. He is a well-preserved man, his teeth are still good, and it is claimed that he doesn't even wear a wig.

THE Union Association have shown their pluck and backbone by making three-year contracts with the majority of their players, and have given them first-class security, thus showing the public that they mean to live in open defiance of the strong combination of clubs banded together to effect their destruction.

Sporting Life says the Athletic Club will enter the field stronger than ever this spring, notwithstanding all talk to the contrary. We don't want to have any words with the Sporting Life, but if the Athletic Club comes over to New York, putting on any airs, the Metropolitans will knock them over the back fence into the East river.

BOB FERGUSON has not yet decided what he will do during the coming season. This looks a great deal as if he was waiting to see what Nick Young intended to do in the way of appointing official umpires. Bob seems to be on the fence, and if he doesn't get an appointment as League umpire, he will more than likely play in the Metropolitans.

It is announced that there will be no beer sold on the Louisville grand stand this season, and it is almost safe to say there will be no beer sold on the Polo Ground, as the mixture of soap and roses given the public at the opening game at the Polo Ground, March 29, and although the weather was cold enough for an overcoat, Kelly couldn't resist the temptation, and umpired in his shirt-sleeves.

It is a mystery how Kelly will be able to stand the new American Association rule, which requires umpires to keep on their coats while umpiring the game. Kelly acted in this official capacity in the opening game at the Polo Ground, March 29, and although the weather was cold enough for an overcoat, Kelly couldn't resist the temptation, and umpired in his shirt-sleeves.

Since the gale of wind, March 29, Mutrie has learned considerable, and is now taking proper precautions to guard against a future occurrence. He has not only had his fences chained to the ground, and big weights put in various parts of his field to keep his dump from being blown away, but has hired a corps of boatmen to go after the fence and bring it back every time it blows which is better than physi.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## AN EYE-OPENER!

With No. 62 of the "Week's Doings," out April 5, the anniversary number, was presented a

## MAGNIFICENT PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENT

the size of two pages of this paper, representing in the most picturesquely and graphic manner the life of a rounder in New York. No. 62 was out

on April 5. Don't miss it if you

have to go without your

dinner.

J. B., Jersey City.—No.

CONSTANT READER.—Yes.

D. S. B., Harrisburg, Pa.—No.

W. G. B., Baltimore, Md.—Louisville, Ky.

## Because He Drank and Snored.

Vanderbilt Allen, a grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt and a partner in the firm of Bunker, Allen & Co., stock-brokers at 58 Broadway, this city, was married by the Rev. C. George Currie on Dec. 10, 1880, to Edith De Silver, then a school-girl, daughter of the late Frank De Silver. They lived together until Feb. 25, 1883.

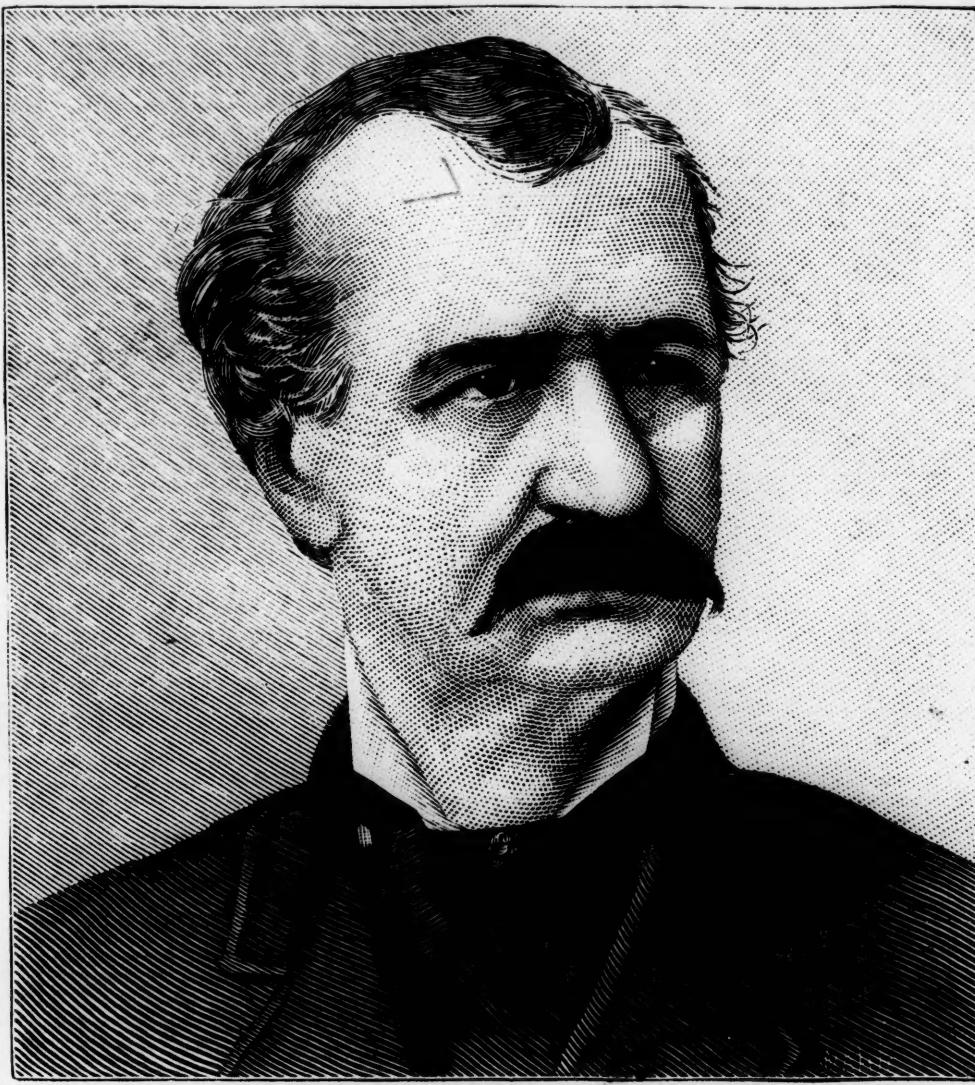


MRS. VANDERBILT ALLEN,

WHO WANTS A DIVORCE BECAUSE HER HUSBAND SNORES AND SMELLS.

On that day he left her, saying that he would not return until she had apologized for making certain accusations against him. Now she is suing him for a limited divorce.

Mrs. Allen's complaint accuses her husband of marital unfaithfulness, and of habits of intoxication, carried so far that it was unsafe for her to live with him. She also says it was his custom to snore so loudly when they lived together that she could not sleep, and that he so poisoned the atmosphere of her room as to affect her health. She also asserted that he had been on terms of improper intimacy with Mrs. Edith De Belleville, the Australian wife of De Belleville, the actor, whose divorce case was before the courts last fall.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

JAMES PROCTOR.

[Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.]

Mr. Allen says that he parted with a very old family servant, his first wife's nurse, to oblige his second wife, whose mother, for some reason inexplicable to him, unless it was because the servant was attached to him, had conceived a prejudice against her.

"From the time she left me," he said, "I have been ready and willing to give her a home and support her and our child if she would return

to me, and am ready and willing to do so now.

"It is utterly false that since about February, 1883, and until the 25th of February, or at any other time, I was in the habit of drinking to excess.

"Since our marriage I have spent thousands of dollars for the clothing, millinery and other personal expenses of the plaintiff, and she never

desired anything and never was in need of anything either for herself or our child that I did not at once supply her with. Besides, I was in the habit of making her presents frequently, and among many other things, I recall a diamond bracelet of the value of \$700 or \$800, which I gave her one Christmas, a small writing-desk which cost about \$60, some small boxes covered with alligator's skin, which cost



MR. VANDERBILT ALLEN,

WHO DENIES BOTH THAT HE SNORES AND SMELLS BAD.

upward of \$100, and many other things. As I am informed, and do verily believe, my wife and myself would have become reconciled at the time I last saw her, on March 6, 1883, and would now be living together happily, except for the intercession of Samuel G. Adams, the plaintiff's attorney."

The case has not been decided yet.

IT makes an editor mad to have word come up through the tube from the counting-room that a lady is waiting to see him, and after tramping down six flights of stairs find her to be only his wife after a ten-dollar bill.



A CENSUS OF THE POPS.

HOW AN INVESTIGATION INSTITUTED BY A PASSENGER ON A NEW YORK STREET CAR BROUGHT A YOUNG WOMAN TO THE FRONT LIKE A LITTLE MAN.

## Matsada Sorakichi.

We present this week the first truthful portrait ever taken in this country of the wonderful young Japanese wrestler, who is looming up for the championship of the world. His first contest in this city, with the almost invincible Bibby, on Jan. 19, was a good beginning. The Jap lost that match, owing to his ignorance of the European style of wrestling, but he proved by his experience, and when he met Bibby again, at Clarendon Hall, on March 10, the tables were turned. Since then he made short work of Capt. James C. Daly, on March 24, and now that he has got his hand in, we may soon expect to hear of his downing some of the other famous athletes.

## James W. Smith.

Mr. James W. Smith is the leading sporting man of Seattle. Mr. Smith was born in the State of Maine in the year 1849. When quite a young man, he removed to Providence, R. I., where he worked for Lawrence Kennedy (the leading sportsman of that place) from 1871 until 1877. He then made his way toward the Pacific Coast, landing in Seattle on the 15th day of March, 1877. He is a generous, big-hearted man, well liked by everybody. He is a great promoter of sport of every kind, and is always to the fore in any sporting scheme. He is the proprietor of the Bijou theatre, and is now building another much larger one to accommodate his increased trade. He is running the best variety show on the Pacific Slope, employing none but the best talent, Mr. James Alcote, who is well known in the profession, is his manager.

## Two Lives for a Bride.

Jacob Shelly, who had clandestinely married Ida Morrill, at Zonestown, Pa., shot and killed her two brothers, James and Joseph, at that place, March 28.

For about two years Miss Morrill, who is a tall, handsome blonde, aged twenty-two, and well educated, has been receiving the attentions of Shelly. She is the daughter of L. C. Morrill, a well-known citizen of Zonestown, and mingled in the best society, rejecting the attentions of young men until she met Shelly, five years ago.

It was stated that he has served a five-year term in an Illinois prison for horse-thieving. He is a remarkably handsome man, and was a favorite among the ladies until his character became known. He met Miss Morrill, and an attachment at once sprang up between them. Her parents paid no attention to the

matter until it became the gossip of the village, when they commanded her to cease encouraging the attentions of Shelly. She did not promise obedience, but their meetings became less frequent, and when she met him it was always in the presence of a third party.

During his drunken sprees Shelly had repeatedly asserted that he could marry Miss Morrill whenever he liked, and that he would do so in spite of the parents. James Morrill, her brother, met Shelly on the street some months ago and asked him if he said so. Shelly laughed at him, and a fight ensued, in which young Morrill was beaten. This intensified the feeling in the Morrill family, and a close watch was kept on Ida's movements.

On the day of the tragedy she was missed from home, and the unusual and protracted absence at once aroused suspicion. Her father went to the village in the evening and found that Shelly and Ida had been married by a justice a few hours before and that she had accompanied Shelly to his home, a sort distance out of town. He returned home and informed the distracted family. Two of the girl's brothers, James and Joseph, determined to see their sister, and went to Shelly's home, where they found her in company with Shelly and his mother. Both boys began to abuse Shelly roundly, and finally James Morrill lost control of his temper and struck Shelly in the face with his clinched fist. Both men then grappled and fell to the floor. Joseph Morrill sprang to his brother's assistance, and, together, they began to beat Shelly violently. The latter succeeded in breaking loose from them, and, drawing a revolver, ordered both to leave the house. They refused and drew revolvers, but before they could use them Shelly fired, the ball striking James Morrill in the left side and penetrating the lung. Upon seeing his brother fall, Joseph fired, the bullet shattering Shelly's left arm. Shelly returned the fire, the ball entering Joseph's head.

The shots attracted the attention of the neighbors, and in a few minutes a crowd rushed into the room and found Shelly and his wife quarreling over the prostrate bodies of her brothers. Shelly surrendered himself, saying he had shot both in self-defense. Shelly's story, that he acted in self-defense, is corroborated by what little evidence can be elicited from his half-crazed wife and his mother.

## A Bloody Feud About a Chicken.

A bloody affray recently occurred between four women at Cedar Creek, W. Va. The trouble originated in a dispute between Mrs. Eliza F. Richardson, a widow, and a somewhat

notorious woman named Jane Thompson, over the ownership of a chicken. The Thompson woman resolved to kill Mrs. Richardson, and for that purpose enticed her to her house, where two other women had agreed to take a hand in the bloody business. On entering the house Mrs. Richardson was met by Jane Thompson armed with a bowie-knife, who made a lunge at her, the weapon entering her left breast and passing entirely through her body. The other two fiends assaulted the defenseless, bleeding woman with clubs and stones, while the knife was being vigorously pried. The murderers have been arrested.

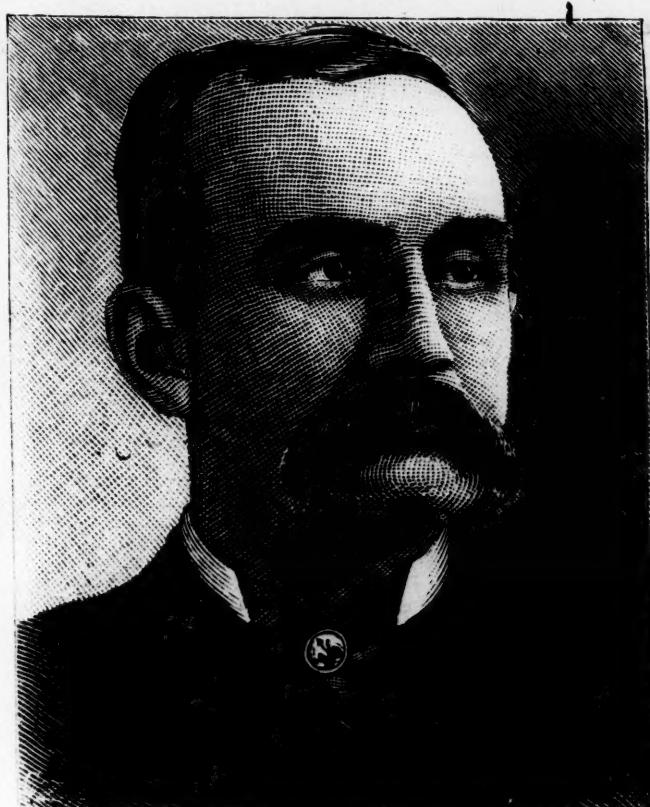
## Nick Langdon.

We publish this week a portrait of one of the best-known characters in New York. Ex-Alderman Langdon stands in the same relation to local politics that the genial Sam Ward does to national politics. He is one of the most devoted patriots of Gotham, and the safety of the commonwealth is due in no small measure to the fact that, except when on important occasions he is called up town to attend a convention at Tammany or some of the other political halls, he spends the business hours of each day within a radius of a few blocks of the City Hall. He does an extensive practice at the bar at Tommy Lynch's office, Nassau and Ann streets. He has the ear of all the Democratic leaders of the city. Nature has blessed him with enough ear to go all around, or he would have succumbed to the pressure on his auricular organ long ago. At present he is very busy endeavoring to circumvent the vile plots against the city that lurk in the Roosevelt bills now before the Legislature.

## A Girl the Cause of Two Murders.

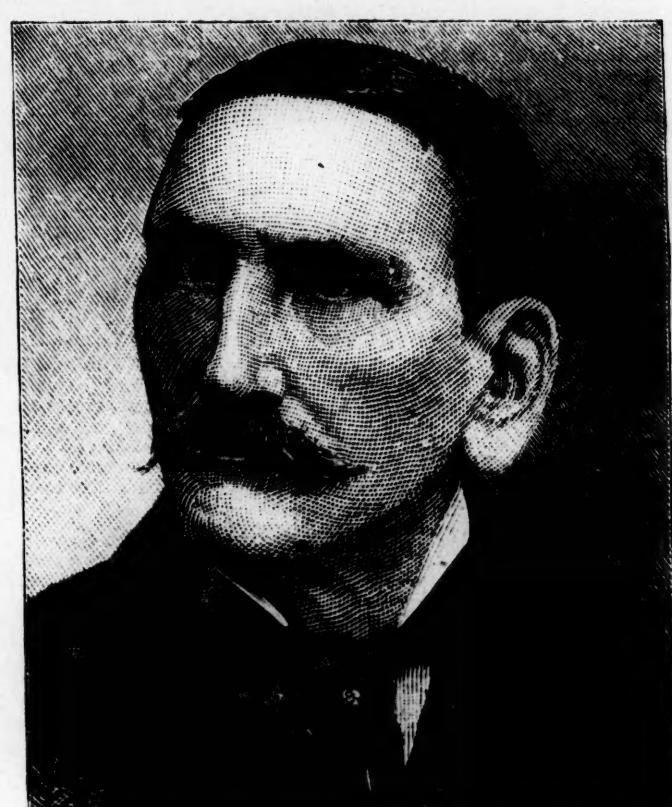
At Columbus, Ga., Sunday evening, March 30, Troy Adams was out riding with Miss Pason Hauseley, to whom he was engaged. After leaving her at her home he started back to town. On Monday morning Adams was found by the roadside stabbed through the heart. The suspicious actions of Lewelly Roberson led to his arrest.

About a year ago the young woman with whom Adams had been riding was engaged to Roberson. The coroner's jury found that Roberson was guilty of murder in the first degree. This is the second murder which has grown out of this young woman's flirtations.



JAMES W. SMITH,

THE LEADING SPORTING MAN OF SEATTLE, WYOMING TERRITORY.



NICK LANGDON,

A WELL-KNOWN NEW YORK POLITICIAN AND SPORTING MAN.

## SPORTING NEWS.

## AN EYE-OPENER!

With No. 52 of the "Week's Doings," out April 5, the anniversary number, was presented a

## MAGNIFICENT PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENT

The size of two pages of this paper, representing in the most picturesque and graphic manner the life of a rouler in New York. No. 52 was out on April 5. Don't miss it if you have to go without your dinner.

PAT PERRY, who had agreed to fight Punch Callow in England, paid for it.

PATSY SULLIVAN has challenged Jack Dempsey to fight with or without gloves.

The hard-glove contest between Jemmy Weeden and Benny Green, of Pittsburg, has been declared off.

A. LEWIS, prominently known in Brooklyn, was elected President of the Brooklyn Cricket Club, on April 2.

PROF. W. C. McCLELLAN is back at his old stand, 37 John street, where he is teaching a large class of brokers.

The Nereid Boat Club, of Brooklyn, had a first-class athletic entertainment at the Atheneum, Brooklyn, on April 2.

TONY KEARNS' new sporting house, the Champions' Rest, 233 Bowery, N. Y., is one of the popular resorts of the Empire City.

We have received a copy of the *Pacific Life*, a sprightly sporting journal published in San Francisco. It is full of interesting matter.

The benefit of Dominick McCaffrey, at Pittsburg, in which he was to wind up with Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, has been postponed.

PROF. W. CLARK, the veteran of the prize ring, still keeps a well-patronized sporting house in Fulton street, opposite the Court house in Brooklyn.

AT J. W. Bradley's sporting house, Lawrence, Mass., on April 3, there was a first-class boxing entertainment in which all the local pugilists participated.

JAMES D. SHIELDS, the amateur champion club-swing, well known in this city, Saratoga and Florida, died of consumption, in this city, at his residence, on April 1.

R. B. CHOULER has forwarded us the "Turf Register" of horses that have trotted in 2:30 or better. The book is a valuable one, and just what the horse men want.

The prize fight between Martin Rooney, of Williamsburgh, and Col. Jack Jones, of Leadville, Col., is off, on account of Jones' backers not making the second deposit good.

PATRICK KIRLEY, of Pittsburg, offers to match his dog, Jack Napoleon, at 34 lbs, give or take a pound, for from \$500 to \$2,500 a side. Jack has won 12 duels and never was defeated.

ONE of the leading sporting resorts in Boston is James Keenan's new rendezvous, 35 Kneeland street. All the fixtures are new and the walls are covered with elegant sporting pictures.

BOB SMITH, the noted trainer and ex-pugilist, will be tendered a benefit at Billy Madden's Athletic Hall, 120 East Thirteenth street, on Thursday evening, April 10. Great attractions will be offered.

WM. STEELE, who wants to run any man in America, withdrew his \$50 forfeit from this office, but he is ready at any time to arrange a match to run any man in the world 10 miles for \$500 or \$1,000.

JAMES W. CLARK, the noted sporting man and boxer of the "Police Gazette" Shades, 42 Washington avenue, Scranton, Pa., gives a grand exhibition at his noted sporting resort every Saturday night.

THE San Francisco press stigmatized Muldoon's wrestling match with Clarence Whistler, which occurred at San Francisco on March 20, "as a successful system of robbing the confiding sporting public."

JOHN CREHAN, of Milford, and W. H. Kenison, of North Attleboro, have arranged a wrestling match. Kenison backs an unknown against Crehan for \$100 a side, and the match is to take place at Westboro, April 15.

PROF. HARRY BOERCKEL, heavy-weight champion pugilist of Atlantic City, N. J., states that he is willing to give Patsy Leonard, of Bridesburg, Pa., \$25 to stand up with him 6 rounds, at his benefit, at Atlantic City.

JERRY MURPHY, of Bangor, a very likely-looking young man who is said to tip the scales at 230, and who is about 6 ft in his stockings, has made arrangements for a four-round glove contest with Wool Bendorff, of London.

JOHN CONNERS, the champion wrestler of the world at catch-as-catch-can style, will be tendered an exhibition at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Friday, April 23. Connors will on that occasion wrestle Martin Gibbons, a 200-lb athlete of Scranton.

TONY WALLING, the well-known pugilist and boniface of the "Police Gazette" Shades, will fill the position of sporting correspondent of the POLICE GAZETTE at Leadville. Col. Walling's headquarters are Harrison avenue, Leadville.

ON March 29 the dog fight between Brick, a dark brindle, weighing 32 lbs., and Carol, a white fighting dog, weighing 32½ lbs., was decided in New York city. After ninety minutes' desperate fighting Brick won, and Carol died in the pit.

BILL GOODE, the English pugilist, appears to be in as much demand in England as Charley Mitchell, the champion of England, is in this country. Nearly all the pugilists appear to be eager to fight him. But Mullens is the last to challenge Goode.

EUGENE SWEENEY, of New Bedford, champion light weight of Bristol county, would like to hear from Denny Costigan, or will fight any 123-lb man for from \$500 to \$1,000 a side. Man and money can be found at Jas. E. Sisson's sporting house, New Bedford, Mass.

JACOB SCHAEFER, the billiard champion, says: "I will not play the matches Slosson has lately challenged me to unless he first challenges me for the balk-line championship, which I hold, and which he has all along pretended to be desirous of playing me for."

HARRY HILL's theatre, 26 E. Houston street, New York, was packed on April 3, when Jerry Murphy and Jimmy Kelly, the champion light-weight boxers, were tendered a benefit. Kelly and Murphy as usual electrified the audience by giving a rattling set-to.

CHARLES COURNEY has signed the articles of agreement which bind him to row a three-mile single scull race with Wallace Ross at Oak Point on the 30th of May. The purse to be contended for is \$2,500, which is given by James Pilkington, of the Golden Oar, Hartman, N. Y.

AT Harry Hill's theatre, on Thursday afternoon, April 10, at 2 P. M., there will be a glove fight between Smokum and Charley Fletcher, who will box four three-minute rounds. A host of other attractions will be offered. Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy will appear.

MORRIS GRANT, the retired colored heavyweight champion pugilist, will be tendered a benefit at Germania Assembly Rooms, Seventh avenue and Twenty-sixth street, on Wednesday, April 23. He will wind up with an unknown, or box any colored pugilist of his age in Gotham.

JOE PENDERGAST, who, I suppose, would be a prominent ornament to the prize ring after he defeated Hughey Burns, has shut up like a jack-knife. While challenge after challenge is being issued by the many pugilists, who are eager to shine as champions, the Brooklyn Hercules keeps quiet and says nothing.

AT Lynn, Mass., recently, Brockway, for the fourth time, won the diamond billiard trophy, and it is now his property. The contest was between Beede and Brockway, 200 points up. Brockway won in 81 innings, making 200 to Beede's 195, and the game was one of much interest to the large audience present.

IN Hanover township, Pa., recently, two men named Bill Jones and Will Davis fought an encounter of 80 rounds, which lasted 1h and 35m. Both were so exhausted that they could not stand upright. The fight was witnessed by a school-teacher and her scholars. The referee declared the contest a draw.

THE oyster-opening match, at the Club theatre, Kensington, Pa., on March 23, between William Lowney, of Providence, R. I., and George Beach, of Philadelphia, was won by Lowney, who opened his 100 oysters in 3m 3½s. Lowney opened his last oyster when Beach was knifing his ninety-third bivalve. The stakes were \$500.

PATSY LEONARD, who was to have boxed with McDevitt at the opening of the new "Police Gazette" Annex, April 5, in Bridesburg, Pa., failed to appear. It was claimed by sporting men that Leonard was afraid to face McDevitt. Two years ago he was matched to spar McDevitt at a benefit, given at McGarrett's Hall, and did not put in an appearance.

THE glove fight between Harry Gilmore, of Toronto, and Bittle, of Cleveland, took place at Toronto, on March 24. Ten rounds were fought under Queensberry rules for the receipts of the house, 60 per cent to the winner, and the balance to the loser. A large crowd was present. Bittle stood off waiting for Gilmore's attack, and was knocked off his feet in the sixth round.

THE foot-race between Harry Wheatley and Fred. Hurst for \$1,000, held by Richard K. Fox, was not run at Lehighton, Penn., on March 28. Jim Smith had been appointed referee by Richard K. Fox, but Wheatley and Hurst refused to run unless Richard K. Fox acted in that capacity himself, or appointed William E. Harding. The race was finally declared off and the stakes returned.

JIM SOMERVILLE and Frank Potter are reported to have fought near this city on Long Island Sound, on April 2, with small gloves, for a purse. Somerville is twenty years of age, 5 ft 7 in high, and 145 lbs in weight. Potter is twenty-three years old, stands 5 ft 7½ in, and weighs 156 lbs. Ten rounds were fought, when Somerville put Potter to sleep by a straight right-hander. Time, 1m 15s. The whole fight lasted 3m 44s, and both were badly punished.

THE Boston Herald, March 28, says: "Dominick McCaffrey, the Pittsburg pugilist, who ran away from Kilrain, of this city, has reached his level among pugilists, and it is said, will be 'boycotted.' It is charged against him that, because he was not admitted free to the recent Conners-Davis fight at Pittsburg, while other spectators paid \$15 each, he informed the police of what was going on, and even went so far as to point out the principals when the raid was made upon the ring."

THESE will be great sport at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, on Easter Monday, April 14, when Joe Acton and Fred. Taylor, the proprietors, will give \$400 and a splendid silver cup, to be competed for as follows: \$300 for an all-American 130-yard foot handicap, for which all the principal peds in the country have entered. There will also be a handicap for novices; a dog-running sweepstakes, on the "Police Gazette" dog collar terms, for a silver cup. Also, on the same day, there will be a wrestling sweepstakes for 140-lb men.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following parties: Thomas Atkin, L. Alanzonolis, Doc Baggs, Tom. Cannon (2), Chas. E. Courtney (3), C. Duncan, Frank C. Dobson, Peter Duryea, Dick Garvin, Prof. John Halev, Thos. King (2), Geo. W. Lee, Chas. D. Lakey (3), Michael McCarthy, Wm. Muldoon (2), Geo. W. Moore, Harry Monroe, Wm. Mantell, E. Pidgeon, June Rankin, Sec'y Pastime Athletic Club, New York; Miss Ullie, Miss Minnie Vernon, Harry Woodward, Ed. Bibby, Geo. Hazael, Plunger Walton.

BILLY MADDEN, with Charley Mitchell, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office a few days ago. In regard to meeting John Kilrain, Madden said: "We will try to have the fight with Kilrain come off in New York. I don't like the Boston audiences. Mitchell could have stopped Kilrain easily in the fourth round. He had knocked him down and he was nearly out, but the audience set up a cry of foul, and after that Mitchell let up on him. Just as soon as we can make suitable arrangements for a place to fight in, the match will be made."

ON March 29, counsel in behalf of Jimmy Murray, the pugilist, made an application to Justice J. C. Dykman, holding Special Term of the Supreme Court at White Plains, for a certificate to the effect that a notice had been given of an appeal for a new trial, on the ground of exceptions taken to the charge of County Judge L. N. Mills to the jury that convicted Murray. A motion was also made that Murray be admitted to bail during the pendency of future proceedings in the case. Judge Dykman took the stenographer's notes of the charge, and reserved his decision.

WILLIAM M. WOODSIDE, the bicyclist, has begun a slander suit against Mrs. Agnes Clark, in which he asks for \$1,000 damages. The alleged slander consists in a letter which the defendant wrote to plaintiff's father, in which she represents that the bicyclist is "in close correspondence" with a low variety actress. The letter also contains the announcement that William is poorly clad, the better part of his wardrobe being held for debt. It concludes with the assertion that William is indebted for one week's board, having removed his articles from the writer's house while the occupants were asleep.

W. M. LEES, the champion swimmer of the United States Navy, now on board the U. S. war-ship Colorado, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on April 2, and stated that he was prepared to arrange a

match to swim any man in the world from 1 to 30 miles for \$1,000 a side, the race to take place on May 15. Lees' backers are the officers of the Colorado, who will back him for any amount. Lees was born in Philadelphia in 1855, of Scotch parents. He has been in the navy sixteen years, and has won numerous matches. He is said to be a wonderful swimmer, and intends to attempt to swim the Rapids at Niagara. Lees has figured in matches all over the world.

ON March 30 there was a glove contest in Tom Kearns' Champions' Rest on the Bowery, near Houston street. It appears that Jack Sing, a muscular Chinaman, entered the saloon and agreed to set-to with White. The gloves were produced, and White and the Chinaman entered the ring. The Chinaman knew just as little about boxing as a cow does about loading a gun. After a little dodging White got his left with good effect on Sing's nose, and, swinging in his right, caught the Chinaman on the neck and knocked him through the ropes. Sing evidently had enough, for he started for the door on the double-quick without waiting for his coat, or to take off the gloves.

THE second wrestling match between W. F. Clark, of Buffalo, and Alex. Gardner, of Wheeling, for a purse of \$500, best two in three falls, came off at Turner Hall, Wheeling, Va., recently. Clark stripped at 17½ lbs, and Gardner at 19½. Mac Suppler was umpire for Clark, and George Christman for Gardner. W. A. Humphrey, of St. Charles, acted as referee. Time was called for the first bout, collar-and-elbow, at 8:30. Gardner let go his hold to avoid a fall, and the bout was given to Clark in 10m. The men were called for the second bout, catch-as-catch-can, at 9:22. Gardner won in 10m. At 9:32 time was called for the deciding bout, Greco-Roman. Gardner won the bout in 4m, and the match. Considerable money changed hands.

THESE was a slashing prize fight at the Abbey, near Albany, on March 23, between Coony Snickols, of Albany, and David Moody, known as "Dave from Hartford." The purse was for \$25 a side. Over 40 quick rounds were fought in 1h 30m. The first blow that Moody struck fractured the little finger of his right hand, but he pluckily kept at work. Snickols, who weighed 130 pounds more than his opponent, proved no match for his adversary and was very badly punished. Straight-line blows were delivered with telling effect. After severe punishment he gave signs of weakening, but, cheered on by his friends, made desperate attempts to win the victory. It proved in vain, for after every repeated knock-down he failed to respond to the call for time, and "Dave" was declared the winner.

JAMES DUGREY, of Mechanicville, N. Y., and John Campbell, of Schenectady, N. Y., with about eighty invited guests, met at a favorite resort on the Schenectady road, on March 27, to witness the last cocking main of the season. The birds were furnished by Dugrey and Campbell. The stakes were \$1,000 a side, with \$100 additional on each bout. Only the elite of the cock-pit sports were in attendance. The betting was very spirited, Campbell and his friends taking long odds that Dugrey would not win a fight. Each side showed thirteen birds, of which nine were between 4 lbs 2 ozs and 5 lbs 8 ozs. fell in. Dugrey won the first, second, third, fourth and eighth fights, giving him the main. Dugrey has fought seven mains this winter, winning six of them, and has a fine lot of fowls to sell at moderate prices.

AT the recent boxing tournament for the New York Athletic Club boxing championship Walter De Baun and Joseph Heiser boxed for the title of amateur light-weight champion, and the judges decided the contest a draw. Heiser was awarded a medal for the championship, and the possession of the cup was disputed. The members of the New York Racket Club, who always like to see boxing, induced the pugilists to settle the question in the rooms of the Racket Club in Twenty-sixth street, New York, and on March 27 the pugilists met. It was agreed that three rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, should settle the contest. The pugilists made a grand display in the first and second rounds. In the third round De Baun forced the fighting until Heiser gave him a side cut on the head and brought the blood. De Baun beat his opponent to the ropes and tapped him, drawing blood. Heiser rallied, drove De Baun back and rained blows upon him which seemed to stagger him. De Baun recovered, but could not regain the advantage, and the round was ended with the bodies of both men besmeared with blood.

WE have received a copy of the almanac which is annually issued from Leonard and Centre streets, as an authority on sporting matters. It has heretofore been published in January, but was delayed this year, probably because in 1882 and 1883 we proved that the book, like the sketches of the Irish champions palmed off on the sporting public by the same firm, was hurriedly prepared and was not correct or reliable. We have not had time to thoroughly examine this book, but at a glance have found that many of the records are wrong, that quite a number of prominent sporting events are not chronicled, and that many of the statistics are bungled and unauthentic. The record of J. W. Byrne, of Sydney, Australia, for the best on record for standing high jump, which is 5 ft 3 in, made Feb. 9, 1884, is not recorded, and several other such like important events, are not in the book. The work is a failure, technically speaking, and full of mistakes. As a work of reference, in some matters it is useful, but on the whole it is useless, being unreliable through the clerical errors and many omissions.

A WELL-CONTESTED glove fight was decided at Cleveland, Ohio, on March 29, between Larry Fagan and Tom. Robinson, the colored champion of Ohio. Fagan weighed 173 lbs, while Robinson weighed 200 lbs. The fighting was desperate, and in the second round Robinson knocked Fagan down with a fearful blow on the side of the head. Fagan slowly got up, but was knocked out again by Robinson's terrible right. In the third round Fagan was evidently rattled, and at once dropped on his knees to avoid a terrible blow of Robinson, and was struck while on his knees by the latter. A foul was claimed, but not allowed. Fagan next went to the floor by a heavy blow on Robinson's left, and after getting in some work on Robinson's head Fagan was again knocked down by Robinson, and after he rose got several stunning blows on the head, which virtually ended the fight. A foul was claimed at the end of the round, but not allowed. Fagan fought a portion of the fourth round and then gave out. The referee decided the match in favor of Robinson, and gave him the stakes and 60 per cent. of the receipts.

THE match in which Charley Fletcher, the colored champion pugilist of the Fifteenth ward, and Joe Slocum, better known as "Smokum," were to meet at a place to be named by Michael Cleary, did not come off. The pugilists had agreed to fight with hard gloves. The stakes were \$20 a side, of which \$10 had been posted. They were to post the balance on April 1, before the battle began, but at that time "Smoke" offered various excuses for not fighting. He would not have any but his most particular friend, "Blouse" Davis, as referee, and to that Fletcher objected, saying, however, that he would agree to the

Hon. Eli Pearce, the man made famous by 4-11-44 "Bu." said "Smoke," "Mr. Pearce don't know do rules." "Well, dea, we'll just tear up de rules and fight go-as-you-please, wid kicking, gouging and biting allowed, and I'll trow away my razor and you kin keep yours if yer please," was the bold Fletcher's reply. "Well," said "Smoke," "I don't think I wants ter fight anyway, 'cause I's goin' ter take Luce Brown ter a racket ter-night, and I don't want ter disappoint her," and the valiant Smoke left the place. Fletcher received the forfeit money.

A WRESTLING match was arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office on April 1 between Edwin Bibby and August Schmidt, the champion of Germany. The following agreement explains:

POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, April 1, 1884.

Articles of Agreement, entered into at the POLICE GAZETTE office, this 1st day of April, 1884, between August Schmidt and Edwin Bibby.

The said August Schmidt and the said Edwin Bibby do hereby agree to wrestle, according to the "Police Gazette" rules of Greco-Roman wrestling, best two in three falls, for the sum of one hundred (\$100) dollars a side and the gate receipts, the winner to receive sixty per cent. and the loser forty per cent. of said receipts, less \$10 expenses for rent of hall, printing, etc. The match to take place at Clarence Hall, New York, within two weeks from date above named. The men to wrestle between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M.

In purs

MIKE CLEARY, the noted pugilist, will be tendered a benefit at Germania Assembly Rooms, Bowery, near Houston street, New York, on Friday evening, April 13. Cleary offers Joe Denning, the Williamsburgh pugilist, Joe Pendegast, the Brooklyn Hercules, or Dominick McCaffrey, of Pittsburgh, \$100, if they are able to conquer him in four three-minute rounds; or he will present Mike Donovan, of Brooklyn, with \$100, if he manages to stand up and box him in three rounds, according to the new Revised Queenberry rules. Cleary also states that he will give William Speer, the Prussian, the entire receipts of the house if he is able to conquer Cleary in four three-minute rounds. There is no bluff about Cleary's offer to the above-mentioned pugilists, and Cleary, to prove best to the pugilists and the public that he is earnest, agrees to deposit the \$100 with Richard K. Fox prior to the exhibition.

The Tombstone *Epitaph*, March 25, contains the following: "Through the courtesy of Sheriff Ward & Sullivan combination paid a visit to the condemned murderers before leaving Sunday morning. They were pleasantly received by the quintet, who laughed and joked with Sullivan during his entire stay. Kelly sent his compliments to Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, with whom it seems he had a former acquaintance. Tex Howard, after scanning the champion closely, remarked: 'You are not as big a man as I had imagined, Sullivan. They tell me, though, you can knock any one in the world out in four rounds; is that so?' Sullivan responded that he could, whereupon Tex said: 'Well, I reckon I'll have to take your word for it, for the chances are that I shall never have an opportunity to see whether you can or not, but there is a little man (pointing to Sheriff Ward) that can beat you.' 'How is that?' said the champion; 'he don't look like a fighter.' 'Well, he ain't,' said Tex; 'but he'll knock five of us out in one round next Friday morning, all the same.' Just before leaving, Sullivan complimented Tex on his good looks. Tex replied: 'Well, you're not the prettiest man I ever saw, but I'd take your mug if I had your liberty.'"

## THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

The VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dreydoppel's Celebrated Electro Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

The practical German soap-maker and chemist, Mr. William Dreydoppel, addresses our readers; they may rely upon him to send what he offers.



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INFANTILE and Birth Humors, Milk Crust, Seals, Head, Eczemas, and every form of itching, Scaly, Pimpy, Scrofulous and Inherited Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, cured by the Cuticura REMEDIES. *Absolutely pure and safe*. Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, 50 cts.; Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin-Beautifier and only Medicinal Baby Soap, 25 cts., and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, \$1, are sold by druggists. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston. *Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."*

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**Notice to Sporting Men.**—Life Size Pictures of the greatest champions, published in England, will be furnished by John Woods, the well-known theatrical and sporting photographer of 238 Bowery, N. Y. The portraits of the champions are all copyrighted, and can only be furnished by John Woods, the *POLICE GAZETTE* photographer.

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**2 Photos of Beautiful Ladies**, 10c., 6c., 25c. *2 for 10c.* **GEN. AGENCY**, Box 25, Indianapolis, Ind.

**20 Beautiful Actresses in Tights**, 10c. **KINGS NOVELTY CO.**, Box 91, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

**10 Card Size Photographs Actresses in Tights**, 25c. (not 10c.). 10 cabinets, 50c. **MCGILL**, 304 Henry St., New York.

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LOUIS KARCHER, OF WASHINGTON, D. C., KILLS HIS WIFE'S PARAMOUR IN HER PRESENCE. No. 1--LOUIS KARCHER. No. 2--JOHN W. GRIMES.  
No. 3--MRS. KARCHER.

[From Sketches and Portraits by "Police Gazette" Special Artists.]